

TOM WOLFE'S GOODBYE TO GEORGE ORWELL

# Esquire

JANUARY 1985 • PRICE \$2.50

Man At His Best

## DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1984!

The best of the worst  
news from business, sports,  
politics, and sex!



### FLASH!

Michael Jackson  
goes up in smoke!



### CRASH!

Mary Decker is year's  
sorest loser—hands down!

### SPLASH!

Daryl Hannah refuses  
to flounder on talk show!



# BENSON & HEDGES *Lights*



10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report. May 1984.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

*The Deluxe 100*  
Regular and Menthol



## At Lands' End we want to do more than make a sale to you.

We're out to build a relationship.  
Through service.  
Therefore:

1. We select or develop a quality product.
2. We price it fairly.
3. We ship it immediately.
4. We guarantee it. Period.

**LANDS' END**  
GREEN MERCHANTS

at four world-wide custom warehouses. Order button-down shirts, traditional dress, slacks, coats, wear dark wool original Lands' End soft leather and a complete line of other quality goods from around the world.

Please send free catalog  
Lands' End Dept. J-21  
Dodgeville, WI 53545

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Or call Toll-free:  
**800-356-4444**







# Take it on your favorite run: FILA Thunderbird.



This season, some of America's great ski resorts will be frequented by a very special Thunderbird. The FILA Thunderbird. Designed with the same athletic expressiveness world-renowned FILA sportswear, the FILA Thunderbird was created for outgoing lifestyles.

Athletic colors enhance FILA's design in either black and charcoal charcoal or the special pencil charcoal with dark charcoal accents. Stable platters and intense colors highlight components and fabrics as does the distinctive FILA emblem.

Inside, FILA themes a newly designed digital

instrument panel and a snow power-actuated driver's seat available in Oxford green, studio-style cloth, or Oxford white leather seating surfaces. Other FILA conveniences include an illuminated entry system, Power Lock Group, tilt steering wheel, fingertip speed control, and premium sound system with an electronically raised AM/FM stereo cassette.



Heightened anticipation. Going up the slopes is as much fun as being there with FILA Thunderbirds in outstanding performance package that features a 5.0 liter V8 engine with electronic fuel injection, variable ratio power rack and pinion steering, McPherson strut front suspension with gas-filled shocks. And all-season radials on four-inch thick aluminum alloy wheels. Take this new FILA Thunderbird on your favorite run.

#### FILA exclusives for 1985.

This year, every new FILA Thunderbird owner will receive a FILA canvas Sport Bag containing a leather portfolio and a unique complement of FILA accessories.

#### Best-built American cars.

Quality is job 1. A 1984 survey established that Ford makes the best built

American cars. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on 1984-85 models designed and built in the U.S.

#### Lifetime Service Guarantee.

As a part of Ford Motor Company's commitment to your total satisfaction, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a Lifetime Service Guarantee. See your participating Ford Dealer for details.

Also for 1985, every new FILA Thunderbird will have the exclusive Ford Care extended maintenance and limited warranty program.

#### Have you driven a Ford... lately?



Get it together. Buckle up.



## LETTERS

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## MAYOR STILL ANNOYED

**CONGRATULATIONS** TO Richard Ben Crater on his portrayal of the country's best mayor in *The Devil's Advocate*. Schaefer ("Can the Beast Meow Well?" October) has it all: a handle for quoting the details that show an *act* and what people do, but also why—and how—they do it.

As I was reading the article I couldn't help wondering how Schaefer's madcap head must have reeled at the portion: "But who cares? Baltimore is the park, and Crater has turned out a soaring masterpiece tribute to the man who is that city."

*Edmund Robisch  
New York, N.Y.*

**RICHARD BEN** Crater's article missed the real essence of our mayor, William Donald Schaefer: a compassionate and caring human being with an extraordinary sense of humor. He is welded to the cause, true, but the picture Crater painted of him as an angry, egotistical, maga-h is not that of the man who took the helm and saved the city at a time when Baltimore was faced with economic and social might. To the citizens of Baltimore, Schaefer is not only a friend but a hero.

*Courtesy J. McElroy  
Baltimore, Md.*

**BALTIMORE** is a critically ill city—one of the most violent in the country, according to the FBI—and its educational system is far below the national average. William Schaefer may think he is fooling everyone by hiding Baltimore's教育 problems behind a veneer of good publicity, but he's not. Filing a new petition with asphalt does not a good mayor make.

*Richard Baker  
Baltimore, Md.*

**THE COVER** of your October issue, which features many of the men who are "candidates" for this country's best mayor, omits my personal nominee—a woman. San Francisco mayor Diane Feinstein.

San Francisco may not have "Peak Positive" (not "spontaneous," though you know, names for mayors are all I get gesting), but it certainly do have a likely candidate for the nation's most effective financial administrator.

*Ron Mess  
San Francisco, Calif.*

## GOD'S COACH

**NOW THAT** you have discovered John Ed Bradley ("Lucky the Devil," October), perhaps you could require other reporters to do the same by quoting his lines. If you do, it may ensure the continuation of Eugene's great literary tradition.

*Arthur Mart  
North Bay Village, Fla.*

I GOT the impression that John Ed Bradley was blind even before becoming his spokesman for Tom Landry. Bradley had no notion of trying to understand how a Christian could achieve success in the violent, cutthroat world of professional football. Precisely because he values his religion like above his football life, and because he has been able to keep his emotions under control. Quick Landry has been successful for twenty-five years, while several of his more intuitive, emotional colleagues have folded from the heat. Bradley should be granted his reward. The reader that these are many more deserving of respect on the football field besides those who believe above all else that they are immortal.

*Mark Rapaport  
St. Johnsbury, Vt.*

## COUNTRY CONFLICT

**WHEN A** reader of the Dallas suburbs can claim, as William Alles does ("The Beach Office," October), that "so many stars have made such a mark that he's run into you know that either he's been exceptionally lucky, or, more likely, he just hasn't been around very long."

Pollution, traffic congestion, over-crowded crime, and so forth have made our cities, Dallas included, precisely unfit for human habitation. Accordingly, we move to the country, along with the only the latest necessities: air-line connected highways, shoppingcenters, airports, and so forth. And, of course, the middle of the middle of nowhere. There! Well, Mr. Alles has it very observed, in the case of separate, we're not going about there, exactly it's not that whatever we can catch up with, they're usually close enough to "get us." Moreover, wildlife tends to make distressing noises after dark, and occasionally attacks itself against our feline pets. Consequently, it

## AUTUMN MEDITATION

**PHILIP MURPHY'S** article, "Why Men Grow Flowers" (The *Keegan Journal*, October) is one of the most moving and provocative pieces I've read about life's effect on men. It acutely expressed the vague sense of endings that assume awareness. The mystical analogy linking the cycle of the seasons to the ages of man is, in this lessened view, it was when man first became conscious of himself as being both a part of and apart from his life. For me, as well as for Murphy, fall is not only a time of reflection and melancholy apprehension of the passing of another year, but a time for reevaluation and renewal, as I remember my dreams and resolve to pursue them. And I get busy, very busy.

*Brooklynn, N.Y.*

*Letters to the editor should be signed with your address and phone number. Please print clearly and send to: Letters, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.*



"My financial partner? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Don't leave your future in the balance.  
See our New England Life professionals for the financial services you need.

Would I trust this hair  
to a dandruff shampoo?

THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

BY PHILLIP MOFFITT

# THE POWER OF ONE WOMAN

*Etta Lee drove her strength and mystery from the southern Appalachians*

IN MY heart, the Christmas season will always belong to a long-disowned southern Appalachian mountain woman whose name was Etta Lee.

She was one of a special breed of women who once inhabited the hills and valleys of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina.

How can one describe to an outsider the beauty, the agony, the mystery of these women?

They were the daughters of dirt farmers, laborers, and coal miners whose ancestors had come to America's shores poor and uneducated and had headed west in search of economic opportunity but never made it past the Appalachians.

Being born in these mountains and growing up poor in those little communities meant enduring a life of poverty — a life of doing for yourself, caring for your own, and suffering silently. The Appalachian women, as Etta Lee used to tell us, "gave their strength from the mountains and from long day to day." It was a way of life that created women with tough, Wolfe bodies fixed, guarded fears, and fears that had learned the danger in expecting too much from the world.

The specter of defeat, the knowledge of "not having anything decent," of not being able to provide properly for the children, was the hardest curse these Appalachian women had to bear. It was not just their own failed hopes with which they had to contend, but also the fears and doubts of both their own fathers and the men they'd married. Those fears, which rapidly expanded into a sense of the fragility of their lives, had no place for life and nowhere to go. That sort of rage finds expression in easily injured pride, and no communities are physical violence and emotional violence.

The Appalachian women are dignitaries and wives, often suffered the blows, the hard words, the sharp silences of that rage and had to live their lives weighted by an unrelenting tension.

It is no wonder that these women

turned inward, conserving their energies in terms of the pouch of the mountain weather, the wild flowers and trees of the woods, and the tales they told their children of heroes and villains and ghosts and oracles. They passed their children not in somber great heights, but to ensure and to suffice the lot that God had given them.

In the 1930s and 1940s the outside world started to touch the Appalachians. The government built decent roads and dammed the rivers, and industry began to move in. Suddenly the men had new prospects, the women a better standard of living. The level of education rose dramatically, and the isolation of these communities gradually ended. As their communities joined the mainstream of American life, these Appalachian women began to disappear. Today, if you encounter a woman who stands out from the crowd and can easily punctuate her story by her歟athos, that strength that characterized the southern Appalachian women and defined Etta Lee.

Etta Lee was special even among this special breed. She was born in Tennessee,

Virginia (in 1890), to the Dole clan family, whose ancestry was probably a mixture of European blood and maybe a little American Indian blood. Looking at her dark hair and skin, the family moved to Tennessee. At age fourteen Etta Lee married a shrimper's son named Delta Welling Mohan, who had nothing but a strong back to present to her. Both Etta Lee and Delta had had only about a second grade education. There was a hard marriage and a hard life. Delta got a job working for the Carolins, Cheekfield, and Old Bailey laying ties in the line extended from Tennessee to the Carolinas. For the first three years of their marriage, Etta and Delta lived in the confines of a single railway freight car as the railway would move along, a station to a station, a town to a town, and a broken window would pull

along all the cars bearing the work crew. It was a world of back-breaking work, securing boxes, and compensated overights were as popular as the weekly payday. Delta learned to set concrete blocks, lay brick, insulate houses with his naked eye, and laying aqueducts those skills. He was finally able to settle down, in the 1930s, to work in a cement factory. Etta bore four children, had two or three miscarriages, and suffered. Delta was strong, hard, quick-tempered, and domineering, but Etta was a fighter and held her own — she once knocked her uncles over with an iron shelf. There was a sense of sisterhood, a sense of brotherhood, with each strong soul tied by a banner of thick, dark hair.

In each interview of her, Etta Lee stands tall. Her foot firm, with bones crisscrossed and black hair. By this time she was in her fifties. She was small-boned, weighing in under ten stone, a slender person, and always seemed somewhat fragile, but never frail or weak. In fact, in my memories she was less a physical presence than an emotional one — a presence still visible to others, like the wind in those mountain valleys, rustling and lurching

Every day. Because I found one that really takes care of my hair. Today's Head & Shoulders. Head & Shoulders' self-balancing formula plus dandruff protection only where I need it. On my scalp, not on my hair. And just the right amount of conditioning to leave my hair with a clean, healthy look.

That makes it more than a dandruff shampoo. And that's why I trust my hair to Head & Shoulders.



Dandruff control that cares for your hair.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

**HER STORIES WERE REAL STORIES, WITHOUT ROSE COLORING; ADULT STORIES  
OF HUMAN WEAKNESS, OF BETRAYAL, OF OMISSION—STORIES WITHOUT HEROES  
AND HAPPY ENDINGS, BUT ALSO WITHOUT SELF-PITY OR DEFEAT. LIFE AS IT IS.**

but never seeming to have a place of origin.

She did not believe like a typical grand-mother. There were no hugs and laudes or praise for my abilities or interest in my accomplishments, nor would I have thought to tell her my problems or seek her advice. Yet she was the most important person for me in those formative years, and the person with whom I spent the most time in retrospect. I could describe her as having a very few words assigned to that little boy, to give him a sense of comfort, to train his mind and shape his emotions. But that description does not capture the actual experience of being a five-year-old, young for hours on end and underneath a tall pine tree as an old, home-made quilt and listening to her soft, slightly raspy voice taking me through the negotiations of the railroad, of engorged land. It does not capture being eight years old and eating golden crackers with peanut butter while sitting at an old, chipped kitchen table and listening to tales of mountain spans and of unquenched love. Nor does it capture the transforming power of being one or two years old and being told the full story of one's even father as only a mother could know it, and the story of one's father's father as only a wife could tell it. They were realities, without rose coloring, with stories of human weakness, of betrayal, of omission—stories without heroes and happy endings, but also without self-pity or defeat.

Why did she tell me those stories? How often? I've wondered about that. She was a storyteller with a red gilt, and I was a home listener. She certainly never said such entries to her other grandchildren, but that doesn't mean I was her favorite, that honor belonged to a slightly older cousin. Was I a recipient of her legacy, the one chosen to bear witness to her living lived, lived, and suffered? Did she sense that I would use, even dispassionately, the under-stressing of her life's ways? Her stories provided? Whatever the reason, she did, and in doing so, she shaped my development as no one else could have.

She taught a young mind to assume that all behavior was shaped by a person's history and so made out that history. She determined the emotional makeup of that child, such that he found comfort in listening to the stories, even if it was a horrible truth, and one that no matter what his memory, he had no monopoly on her own very early rights to happiness. She led that little boy to the understanding that there is a cause for everything.

How can I forget her rage when she knows the cause of, knows that his father and his father's father before him suffered

the same rage? How can the boy's view of his parents not be inevitably altered when such words like hers more of their story, is linked to see them in the context of their struggle for happiness? How can he not be affected by learning that his school principal has suffered a broken heart as a young woman and never recovered?

I was a quiet and interestingly independent child who could study alone in all adult company. Rita Lee never told me to be authority, choosing instead to let me make my own life without judgment. When I began smoking at age nine, she would buy me a pack of cigarettes each week. Is it any wonder that I stopped smoking at least once? When I needed simply to go somewhere, there was always a place in her house, and she would let me be, never making questions. If I needed to pretend to be at her house while actually wandering the town, she gave her silent cooperation. She simply assumed that I was responsible for myself, and in so doing she helped me become so.

She had an extraordinary talent for seeing the true character of a person or place. I vividly recall our discussing my younger brothers and sister when they were still toddlers, and she told me the specific personalities they would develop as adults. And they did just as she said. Most of us in our right minds know about human nature, although I accepted it as a working hypothesis. But Rita Lee had a special vision that she had never imagined. She had never been to a tropical beach yet she knew about them, about their essence. I would go to those places years later and they would be as she said. She would tell me about living in a big city, how politics worked. And I new how right she was. That woman who could barely read or write, who could never escape her long-suffering role in life, who never triumphed more than a hundred miles from where she grew up, could project the experiences of her own limited life onto this world in a while. She could make a leap of imagination that most people cannot.

At twelve, I became much too involved in running around with a crowd of older teenagers in the neighborhood and with chewing other girls to have time for our relationship. Moreover, there were years of growing up who never stopped, and age and distance were changing her dramatically. She and our intense love together ended. I assumed my mother, a single-parent child, was the cause of her depression, and never imagined an increasing depression from my parents...a fact I did not know, for I knew that I will try even more to the cause of Rita Lee.

Teenagers, filled with their excessive adolescence, are driven to explore the world outside themselves. Rita Lee, with her stories and dispassionate observations, had turned me too much inside myself to be an enthusiastic explorer of the world around me.

It has been twenty-five years since the days of our talk, and she has been dead for more than ten years. Over the years I have come to realize how much her influence has blossomed over and what a force she had to acquire it day by day in those Apalachian mountains. I know now that I simply had the good fortune to be there at certain times in her life, when she was past her personal struggle but not her spiritual vitality. She still had the energy to capture the tragedy and the drama of life, but she had no need to twist what she told me to satisfy her own emotional needs.

The little boy who listened to her gained an advantage. He learned to see through her eyes without having to pay the price she had paid in living. Although it took him years to realize it, she provided him with the power of possibility to escape his own rage and to overcome his fear of failure.

But Rita Lee never taught me how to use

her talents to overcome the rage in her own heart.

Probably it was at making away

from her mother to live independently.

However, although I accepted it as a working hypothesis, I did not know that in her life to help her, she chose her own circumstances. I do not know. Nor do I presume to judge this remarkable woman.

On a wet and cold and very lonely Christmas Eve some sixteen years ago I realized how similar my nature was to Rita Lee's. I refreshed that despite my outward drive for success and worldly accomplishment, I was of those old and reflexive, and my days, like hers, could be filled with the sweet sadness of observing life from the solitude of the dark mountains.

On New Year's Day that year, 1989, my resolution was that I would seek my peace in the world and let love and friendship were the chill of life's disappointments. Believing that one can choose whether to be flooded by the sorrow or the joy of human existence, I vowed to escape those mountain shadows, to take the step Rita Lee could not to leave herself. Unfortunately, it was not as easy to leave behind the much I valued in the heart, and each Christmas Eve since then, an unending sense of remorse. I observe how much further I still must journey. But I do not give up, for I know that I will try even more to the cause of Rita Lee.

PHILIP MURPHY is the editor in chief and president of *Esquire*.

# 12 Issues of Esquire at 50% off



**They may be the  
12 most important issues  
in your life.**

Every month we address at least one issue that's weighing heavy on your mind, be it women, happiness, politics or money. You really can't afford to miss us—especially at this special introductory price of 12 issues for \$14.95. That's 50% off the regular newsstand price.

We're making this cut rate offer because we know that our next 12 issues will affect the next 12 months of your life. Send your subscription order to: Esquire Magazine, P.O. Box 2590, Boulder, CO 80321. Or for faster service call 1-800-247-2160, Operator Number 30.

Esquire, the Esquire logo, and the 12 issues offer are trademarks of The Hearst Corporation. © 1989 The Hearst Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. ISSN 0361-2413. Postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Esquire Magazine, P.O. Box 2590, Boulder, CO 80321.

# New crush-proof box.



A world of flavor in a low tar.  
**MERIT**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Just a word about the price of The Glenlivet. Preposterous.

Is the premium we place on The Glenlivet really so outlandish? No more so than the premium placed on great vintage wines and fine champagne cognacs. The reason? Taste. Just one sip and you'll know that The Glenlivet has a taste that's without equal.

The Glenlivet is Scotland's first and finest single malt Scotch, from Scotland's oldest licensed distillery. And, just as it always has been, this 100% Highland malt whisky is distilled from natural spring water and fine malt barley, then aged in oaken casks.

Only The Glenlivet's time-honored methods can achieve this unequalled taste. A taste that sets us apart. Its smoothness, body and bouquet are qualities found only in this unique Scotch.

Of course, some people may still insist that The Glenlivet is too expensive. We have just one word to say about that. Preposterous!

**The Glenlivet**  
12-year-old unblended Scotch.  
About \$20 the bottle.



# Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

## SMART MONEY *Playing the Horses*



Illustration: Mark Ulrey

**W**hether at Saratoga or Santa Anita, Belmont or Churchill Downs, as the horses pound toward the finish line, hearts leap to throat. Imagine how thrilling it would be to own one of these sleek dynamos of beauty and strength—responsive, poised? Well, it's not for polo, but ownership of a fine Thoroughbred is not out of reach.

Although血统纯正 and above board, the top horses need potential. The top action is found with the no place horses themselves. Thoroughbreds, a carefully controlled breed of thoroughbred or racehorse that can trace its lineage back to one of these stallions—an Arab, a Turk, and a Barb—brought to England in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. And despite escalating costs—the average auction price for Thoroughbreds today rose 25 percent from 1982 to 1983, from \$32,991 to \$41,354—even those of us more mod-

est means can afford a piece of a potential winner. Better still, Uncle Sam will help it worth some of the risk.

Buy staking a winning ticket is a horse syndicate, a partnership or group ownership, structured similarly to investments in equine companies. The idea of staking an animal is one or more horses is not new, but the resurgence in syndicates has occurred in the last few years. When a two-year-old Thoroughbred's foal is born, it's worth \$12,500, and a Northern Dancer yearling \$50,000. There are few individuals or even breeding farms that want to assume the entire risk.

Basically, there are three types of Thoroughbred syndicates: stud farm, broodmare, and racing. Stud farm syndicates are usually formed after a colt has completed a successful racing career, going back as far as 1982 to 1983. To cash in on this value, owners often syndicate the horse. Most thoroughbreds in use in order to gain access to

the annual right to breed their horses with a specific stallion or stallions. When a SEC registration disclosure is made, breeders that do not own it at the time, but will be valuable as a stakes. The first possibility of profit comes from pure ownership. And when the horse can no longer race, the syndicate may sell, syndicate, or breed them—or any combination of the three.

But the risks are high. "Fertility can be a problem in stallions," warns breeder Jim Goss, of River Valley Farm in New York. There is also no guarantee you will be able to sell your investment in any given year, or that the share value will appreciate. Moreover, an astute investor would be wise to consider the risks that will affect the market over a number of horseraces.

For example,

In this case, a partnership owns one or more horses, who, having made a name for themselves, are being retired to breed. The object is to match the mare to good stallions, then sell her foal, usually as yearlings, for a nice price. If the mare is breeding as well, the owners will increase its value.

"These are high-quality horses costing a full fortune and up to 50 percent investments," says Pragy Vaidavort, a New York-based血统纯正 agent. For example, one yearling, a Northern Dancer whose foal was syndicated, is worth \$50,000.

Stud farm syndicates are the opposite of such mares, as they are putting horses up for sale. "You can now buy horses more cheaply than you can raise them," says Vaidavort, who believes racing syndicates are an investor's best bet. A typical racing syndicate will invest in a stud farm to breed good horses. Vaidavort likes a man of a very well breed filly who, even if she does not

perform as expected, will have a residual value for breeding. And with a specific stallion or stallions, a man who is well informed, but that he carries it at the time, he'll be valuable as a stakes. The first possibility of profit comes from pure ownership. And when the horse can no longer race, the syndicate may sell, syndicate, or breed them—or any combination of the three.

For some investors, the greatest attraction of a racing syndicate is the large action and the exotic to the pleasure side of the race world. Among the photos on her office walls, Vaidavort has one of jockey Jose Canales winning a \$10,000 race one of her first clients out of the box. "Well, those investors are not the kind of deal and game I leave them to," she says.

Like many big investors, Vaidavort encourages her investors to become involved, from helping to choose racing silks and giving the horses their stable names to watching early morning workouts. She also obtains owners' licenses for her investors, which permit them parking stickers and the right to enter the race track, for free through the special owners' gate.

**HORSE SENSE**  
Not to lose track of fancy laces, snappy syndicates. Not other horse investments, which offer more returns, but which poorly structured. Unless the Thoroughbreds that a particular deal was not set up with profit in mind, horses can be depreciated against regular income over a three-year period for race horses of two years at older and for all horses over age twelve, over the years for all other horses.

Investors in a stud farm syndicate are usually considered consumers rather than partners and may only deduct their share of the syndicate's as-

partners in the joint venture. As partnerships, breeders and racing syndicates offer the possibility of larger write-offs.

When a horse bought for breeding or racing purposes is held for less than one year, any profit is taxed only as a long-term capital gain after "recapture" of the depreciation.

Vanderkroft considers the low end per unit for quality Thoroughbred racing syndicates to be a \$10,000 cash investment (then with staggered payments) plus a percentage rate less than her \$15,000 to be assigned to a bank or other lender for loans to be made to the partnership (which would be called on only in a financial). Quality breeding syndicates start in the same range.

The investors in a 40 to 50 percent tax bracket, a properly structured racing partnership with good horses when still risk through a combination of depreciation and expenses, the greater the loss is subjected to each investor. One investor's cash contribution by month runs two to one. And the possible payoff? Vanderkroft is usually conservative, but she always feels that if you do make a profit, a return of \$30,000, \$40,000, or much more, from a combination of pure winnings and the eventual sale or syndication of the horses, is possible.

Before you jump into racing boots and gallop off in search of a syndicate, take heed. As Jim Gille cautions, "Even when you know what you are doing, it's horse racing."

First, syndicates strike over the financials, not just shattered legs on the racecards but sudden death, such as that of Lawrence in 1986 and Eddie that year.

Racing investments are seldom legal. Read all agreements carefully to see when and how you can dispose of your shares. Even with purchasing deals, you may not be in control for the first couple of years, and it may be impossible to realize your full profits till the partnership is dissolved.

For the neophyte, finding a reliable general partner and evaluating potential partners

maps are probably the greatest obstacles. Word of mouth is still the best source, particularly if you have friends in the horse world. The SEC regulations that exempt most partnerships from registration as a public offering do not permit general partners from advertising a public partnership, legally, the partners may simply declare that one is the partnership business. Look for those ads in publications like *The Blood-Horse* or in the annual Thoroughbred horse atlas of *Tours & Company*.

As for the deal-syndications, there are so many different setups that it is hard to offer general guidelines. But here are a few Vanderkroft cautions:

- Before you write a check, show the prospectus to an attorney or investment counselor who knows horse investments.
- Separate syndicates raise their money privately when their investors do—say by charging hefty management fees or fees of by themselves raising the price of a horse. While the investment of a racing syndicate commonly receives a 4 to 6 percent interest, possibly ranging up to 30 percent after the limited partners (and) get their investment back, be suspicious of an initial take exceeding 10 percent.
- Management fees and other expenses may be included as part of the initial investment or added periodically. In either case, \$4,000 to \$6,500 per month for managing several horses is adequate, more than \$3,000 and you should worry.
- The price the partnership is paying for a horse should be clearly disclosed. Details on the sale price, including the sale's a not far from what you expect will interest a potential buyer.

Very much an indoor shoe—light jackets, and surgical gowns were good for dancing, acrobatics, and dicing. The origin of the name remains obscure, though there is some thought that it comes from *pas-passe*, because of the shoe's cimarron-like elegance. Pumps often served as court shoes; in fact, court is another name for them. Napoleon adopted pumps (along with aiguillettes) as part of his court costume, and Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, wore them with

bows. Both men, of course, wore knee breeches too.

While sailor suits and trousers appeared in the nineteenth century, pumps remained popular for formal wear through the war of the First World War. Since that time, however, with uniforms well established, pumps began to look a bit passe and fussy, at least to a majority of men. Their popularity surged a bit during the Hitler-crazed Twenties, but the most stylish docteur of them all, Fred Astaire, never wore them in his films. In one of his movies, though, George Raft's docteur brings us back once again to the shoe's gender problem. It's basically a matter of perspective, which, as we all know, changes all the time and not always in the most rational way. In the late eighteenth century, for instance, the docteur of the day was the dandy, in to spot. Back then, basic markers included underslung shoulders as "handsome"—while they looked hideous, fussy, mannered, and even pomposa sufficiently virile.

Today those who wear dress pumps are probably the self-assured, and those with a taste for tradition. Look for the man who wears a cholesterol coat, he is the one most likely to be wearing pumps as well. As for men who turn to their noses at pumps because of the bows, it should be pointed out that these men wear the very

## CLASSICS

### *The Evening Pump*



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KIMMEL FOR ARAMIS

## MOISTURIZING AFTER SHAVE

soothes  
improves  
protects



Some of the worst  
problems of shaving

come after shaving. First, you scrape, nick and irritate your skin. Then, the environment dries, chaps and pollutes it.

Moisturizing After Shave rescues it. Soothes and helps heal irritation. Relieves dryness. The fluid formula sinks in instantly. Actually improves your skin.



aramis





## Man At His Best

men have a little give. What we three pounds of meat to start is now about a pound and a quarter of jerky. I don't eat it yet though. I put it in the refrigerator, in an open bowl or container, for at least a day. This helps it develop a richer flavor and is good practice in self-control.

I have to tell you what happened to the jerky I brought to the tailgate that day. I ate packed up a piece, but ate about a third of it, and checked. I knew from exper-

ience what was happening. The pieces in his mouth were liberating the salt from the interstices of the meat, to mix with the dried residue of barbecue smoke, and the meat itself was shriveling into a compact, wet and almost perfect rehydrator for chewing. I watched her chew for a while, then bent down to grab a mosquito in my sock, and when I sat back up, the jerk jerky was gone.

*Did you bring more of this stuff? —Edmund*

—Jerry Adler

## THE DRINKING MAN *Resolute in Spirit*



I fully understand that New Year's resolutions made to serve as guidelines to make us better at living, which to me means becoming more often with both uniqueness and conscience. Over the past year I've witnessed the transgressions of drinkers, lapses of style in good sense, my own and those of others. With those in mind, here are some resolutions for the drinking man, aimed at straightening out some common malfeasance. You can pick for yourself those that personally apply. Resolved:

- I will not make any豪放的 statements, nor will I drop conclusions about an individual's character (especially of the opposite sex), after three drinks. If I do, I will not announce them.
- I will not order any short mixed drink. I am not accustomed to power. In other words, I will order no "fad" drinks like "blue screws," "beer's knees," or "leprechaun."
- I will not be self-conscious about ordering mix and match beer or while sitting with both men and women three mornings in a row. Friends think that is where I'm at the moment. I have powerful data that may not adhere to as if would make up our own minds; it's like reading the straight party track. It will

be the finer wines deserve all the advantages you can give them. If you're savvy enough to choose a vintage, you'd be silly to undermine its particular qualities you know by combining them with a carelessly selected meal. But if you see a house-wine sort, the rules tend to disappear. You like white wine? Feel like beer? Enjoy it! It's kosher. It isn't sold and most often off.

- In the new year, I will not be a social leper. To someone who doesn't share my interest in the new Year's resolutions as an art form in a lecture on dead addresses. If you are with someone who does share your enthusiasm, remember that wine talk is never genuine conversation; it is two bores delivering monologues at each other.
- I will go out of my way to express appreciation when a bartender is so artfully combining the ingredients in an appealing way.

- I will not smear more than a splash of oils or water with any single snort inhalation. This is simply respect for quality. You don't scratch a West Regency by chopping it up and mixing it with, say, orange juice. In fact, that is an ordinary David Lee Roth. Come on, Jim! Flakiness or related phenomena.
- When drinking liquids I will not pour myself up or the occasional consider if my duty to get another drink. This is the *Ultimate* New Years resolution.

## BIBLIOPHILIA *Pop-up Sex*

In September 1983, Joann Miller and David Phillips brought us "The Women's Guide," the widely acclaimed pop-up atlas of female anatomy. The year after, on the occasion that the now-expanding process of reproduction deserves a book of its own, they're setting us down for a "Woman's Guide" to the art of love. Continuing in the tradition of *Pop-up Sex*, the book pushes on from conception through the wane of birth. It's six double-page spreads illustrate, in three col-

umns, the male and female reproductive organs, the growth of the fetus within the uterus, and finally—yep—vaginismus—the actual process of birth. The *Book of Life*, whose accompanying text exhibits an easy and clearly written parent's handbook, is bold enough to teach your kids. But the tradition of such thorough, yet giddy, chronological and territorial maps (we recommend you pay particular attention to the moving sperm on page 8), you're likely to be the one having the most fun. ■



## The Straightaway.



## The Hairpin.



## The S's.



## The Loop.

The 1985 Honda Accord Hatchback has a powerful 12-valve engine to speed you down the Straightaway at the Daytona Speedway. It has front-wheel drive to pull you through the Hairpin at Seaside Point Raceway. A special sport suspension can straighten out the S's at Lime Rock Park. And a long list of standard features to take you in comfort through The Loop in Chicago.

**HONDA**

**The Accord Hatchback**

## Good Form Take Her Out to a Ball Game



**Y**OU'VE met such other's friends, spent a weekend together in the country, and started talking about a spring vacation in Paris. You've negotiated price terms concerning Japanese food, Paulreider films, and jazz reviews. You're now ready for the next big step in your relationship—taking her to a sporting event.

Start by asking her parents if she's interested in the special events in his life to see if the spectator sport can be the most dramatic challenge a man must face. The key word, of course, is spectator. These days a woman is every bit as likely as a man to love participant sports. But it's still wise to find a woman who's lived and died (mostly died) with the Cubs since she was seven years old, or who has never missed a TV minute of a single Super Bowl game, or who believes a college hoop tournament is the best possible way to spend the Christmas holiday.

If you're the sort of person in whose psyche a deep and unquestioning love of a particular sport runs like wild and hot lava through your anatomy, here are a number of basic guidelines to follow in introducing it to a person who is, after all, a relative newcomer to your life:

- Encourage your mother. Are you really looking for another pal to go to games with? What if she doesn't care? Show your mother what it's like down there. If you're really into this piece of your inner life? Is that a "tut"? If so, is it a "tut" even? If your answer to the last question isn't no, then maybe you should reconsider, and go to the movies.
- Don't touch the devil. Pick an "average" game and make it a spectator sport. If the woman leaves to eat half time, don't because it's 10 degrees Fahrenheit and she's not been making love to her the difference between a fish folder and a fly paper, your relationship will suffer. Particularly if it's a play off game, your closely divided in two-point underdogs, and you've let a handle is even just to show you have balls. You've already got all the pressure you can handle. Take some cues to the big game until you establish that she generally likes the sports.

- Don't count on the Howard Cosell. Resist the natural temptation to show off how much you know about the finer points of the game. You'll only come off as a know-it-all, and she's not likely to be impressed. Stick to answering questions when asked. And if you must offer a little color

commercially, do it sotto-voce—there's nothing worse during than a sports game.

- Be flexible. What if your first baseball game had been between two men who favored the zone defense and the four corners offense? Even though the very idea is foreign to your soul, be prepared to leave everything it's clear that your companion is bent to tears. Of this you can be certain: a seven-year-old's pitcher's deal will increase quicker than you'll increase. Get your losses out of the house when she begins to eat all day.
- Go first class. Your idea of heaven may be a few hot dogs, a glass of cold beer, and a blanket just among. You who really know the game. "I'll make them they'll fight over any thing." But, for first timers, a proper lunch or dinner at a waist restaurant before the event and the best seats you can pay your hands on are de rigueur. Always give it your best shot.
- Love the competitor in the last question? It's funny that the knowledge of the sport is greater than you expected, don't take it as a threat to you.

manhood. Believe. Most of all do not feel obligated to prove you know even basic.

- Know your first principles. Your progress, man, together will give you the opportunity to explain what it is about the sport that really appeals to you. After all, your god should be to have her understand your harmless passion, even if she's not destined to share it. This is an opportunity for interpretation, and you may be surprised what you learn about yourself. Is it the brilliant strategy and debt stacking that attract you to the game? Or a suspect passion? Either is okay, but you should know for sure, and bring to fruition it to her by helping her learn.
- Be a good sport. You have to be prepared for the possibility that, no matter how amenable you're programmed, the woman of your dreams may not care for the sport that has possessed you since you were Beamer's age. She may even feel bad about it. If that happens, then's nothing you can do but change and take a break. Be astute. Be cool. After all, there are other fish in the sea.

—Glen Waggener

## GOOD THINKING WhataCard

**W**hat do you say when your friend Murray has just walked a three-step scribbled down with Wimberly's "A simple concept" are bottle of Dom Pérignon and won't do. Now, thanks to the efforts of Steve Boden and Boden, shant a new line of Special Moment greeting cards, including one for this truly important occasion. "Congratulation on Your Scrapbook" (the card says on the front, and then it opens to a hand verse) I heard the news at a Thanksgiving meal. About your books, and your deal. So let's have lunch together next week. We'll introduce and make and discuss and speak. You're beautiful. Love ya! ■

Will there be a Special Moment for those who use up advance? Yes, and we've already written the first card, Boden says. "It's called 'Best Wishes on Your First Bestseller'."



## In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

**E**ven we were a little surprised. All we did was take the basic idea of a radar detector, the original first ESCORT in 1988 and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners and also in several automobile magazines.

**Customer**  
Over the past years, Car and Driver magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded, "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in terms of customer service, and performance... We think that's pretty darned good."

**Our Responsibility**  
One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If you don't think we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT but we can communicate with the customer year around. Is it conceivable that if the customer can't be with us immediately? And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

**60 Day Money Back**  
And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORT's outside of the United States. Even though we have customers in Japan and Australia, to name a few, we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that an ESCORT warrants. And we just can't do it. When there is a strong need for a product there is usually strong need for an entrepreneurial capitalist to fill that need. And apparently that's just what happened.

So we'll admit we're surprised with no less than one of the most popular American inventions in a Japanese automobile magazine. The one pictured is an ESCORT and the price was \$60,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using the day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase, "This thing is handi" and we immediately realized.

**Easy Access**  
Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call toll-free or write us for the address book. The price of this item is the best for the last five years. \$645. Quite a deal for what the Japanese just think is the best radar detector in the world.

**By ESCORT as no risk**  
Take the first 30 days with an ESCORT and, if you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

**ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on basic parts and labor. ESCORT's toll-free number is 1-800-352-1040.**

**TOLL FREE: 1-800-352-1040  
IN OHIO: 1-800-582-5556**

**By mail send to: Address below. Credit card, money order, bank check, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 45 days.**

**ESCORT**  
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

**Customer Information**  
Department 100-037-A01  
One Milwaukee Plaza  
Cleveland, Ohio 44106-0100



BY DESIGN OF ARTLEY AND HIS FELLOW AUTHORS, THE BEHAVIOR OF DICK, JANE, AND SALLY WAS ALWAYS EXEMPLARY. "THEY NEVER QUARRELED," HE SAID. "THEY NEVER GOT INTO REAL TROUBLE OF ANY KIND."

anastig to today's older generation of Americans, Artley and that there were some vocal critics of the books' worthiness back when they were being used.

"We were attacked for using so much repetition," he said. "Some educators said the children just didn't like that way of oral—'Run, Sally, run,' and 'Jump, Dick, jump.' We tried to explain: the teachers were instructed to *read* the pictures first—they were supposed to explain to the class what was going on in the pictures. Then they were supposed to read the words—so the words were the words of Dick, Jane, and Sally, going along with what they were doing in the pictures. It was very natural."

Artley said that, by design of the team of authors, the behavior of Dick, Jane, and Sally was always exemplary. "There was no quarreling," he said. "They never fought. They never got into real trouble of any kind; they were models of good behavior. This was a conscious decision on our part. We know that the books were going to be a part of the curriculum of so many millions of children; we wanted to portray a behavior pattern that would deserve the approval of the parents."

"Because of that, Dick, Jane, and Sally became role models for American children. Teachers and parents would say to children, 'Would Dick have done that? Would Jane have done that? Let's do what Dick and Jane would have done.'

"So in a way, I suppose, we did more than teach children how to read. We helped set a cultural pattern for the times. You could probably say that we helped create several American generations of Dick, Jane, and Sallys."

THE LAST surviving editor who was in charge of the Dick and Jane books is Lee Blasius, eighty-two, who now lives in Wilmette, Illinois.

"The popularity of the Dick and Jane books peaked in the mid-'50s," Blasius said. "I think we had 65 percent of the market then."

"People wondered what our secret was. It wasn't really that complicated. First, the Dick and Jane books told a real story. Every story, no matter how short, had a beginning, a middle, and an end. The story may have been Dick and Jane playing, and Sally gets hold of a wagon, and the wagon rolls down the sidewalk, but even in a story that elementary, the children who are reading it retain interest because there is some suspense; they know that something is going to happen, and they want to find out what it is."

"The second thing was that we took a

position on the educational approach ever since. The big question was: do you teach children sounds—phonics—or do you teach with meaningful language?" The Dick and Jane books started with meaningful language, and I think time has shown that we made the right decision."

Miss Horn said that the first Dick and Jane books were published in the Thirties; the last revised editions were published in 1968, and by the early Seventies virtually all the books were out of print.

"With all the new ones, some changes are changed," she said. "Look" was always the first word the children learned, for example. People may laugh at that and I'll tell you something: books used to teach things among college English professors, in which they were asked to read a *declaration* that had been reprinted from all the literature to which they had been exposed. And Dick, Jane, and Sally ended up on every list."

Traversone, one of her competitors, had a series of Alice and Jerry books. And when I went to the school, my job was to go to the schools that Dick and Jane were in, and then reprinted from all the literature to which they had been exposed. And Dick, Jane, and Sally ended up on every list."

"You should have seen the response from children back in the day," he said. "I get literally thousands of letters a year from children writing to Dick, Jane, and Sally. The letters were piled up in my office in boxes. I must have had a frenzied letter box just along one question: What was Dick and Jane's last name? We never mentioned that. What would you choose? An Irish name? A Polish name? An Indian name? We didn't want to say."

"Why did the books go out of print? By the Seventies our culture had changed. Dick and Jane were based on the structure of the family as it existed in the Twenties. There was a mother, and a father, and two or three children, and pets. The mother was the one who did all the work, and the father was the one who got home late."

That was true, but then the American family began to break up. There was a lot of divorce. We had pressure groups telling us that we had to show the mother going to work, and the father staying home to take care of Dick and Jane. We were told that the other way was a bad stereotype and we had to get rid of it."

Then there were other pressure groups demanding that we make the Dick and Jane stories more realistic. They had a good point, over the rest of the series we had a character named Mike and his twin sisters—two in next door to Dick and Jane. The new trend was black. Dick and Jane's southern slice of life, we'll never sell another copy south of the Mason-Dixon line, although we did, of course."

"But things were getting as complicated... even I had to admit that Dick and Jane no longer really represented the culture. People just did not live in houses with white picket fences and two children

and the another staying home and the father going to work somewhere."

"I suppose everything has to change. But I see these poor little youngsters today stretching their necks so they can see a computer screen that gives them no human response.... I have to say I miss Dick and Jane."

IT IS not widely recalled that Dick and Jane had competition.

"Some school systems used books other than the Dick and Jane books," said Daniel Peterman, now seventy-three who used to be a top-Scoot, Wisconsin-grade school and rose to become chairman of the board before retiring in 1966.

Traversone, one of her competitors, had a series of Alice and Jerry books. And when I went to the school, my job was to go to the schools that Dick and Jane were in, and then reprinted from all the literature to which they had been exposed. And Dick, Jane, and Sally ended up on every list."

"I must have had a frenzied letter box just along one question: What was Dick and Jane's last name? We never mentioned that. What would you choose? An Irish name? A Polish name? An Indian name? We didn't want to say."

"Why did the books go out of print? By the Seventies our culture had changed. Dick and Jane were based on the structure of the family as it existed in the Twenties. There was a mother, and a father, and two or three children, and pets. The mother was the one who did all the work, and the father was the one who got home late."

That was true, but then the American family began to break up. There was a lot of divorce. We had pressure groups telling us that we had to show the mother going to work, and the father staying home to take care of Dick and Jane. We were told that the other way was a bad stereotype and we had to get rid of it."

"Then there were other pressure groups demanding that we make the Dick and Jane stories more realistic. They had a good point, over the rest of the series we had a character named Mike and his twin sisters—two in next door to Dick and Jane. The new trend was black. Dick and Jane's southern slice of life, we'll never sell another copy south of the Mason-Dixon line, although we did, of course."

"But things were getting as complicated... even I had to admit that Dick and Jane no longer really represented the culture. People just did not live in houses with white picket fences and two children

ILLUSTRATION: SCOTT BROWN

## ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

# CUTTING WORDS

*The dark side of testing*

"WHY DID he say that?" demanded my three-and-a-half-year-old, emerging from the grocery store, past after eyes and a large peach in her hand.

"It's very hard to explain, darling."

"Why did he say that?"

"I sat down to face her, lower people folded themselves upon us as they hurried past. "Well, a lot of grown-ups don't think very hard before they say things. And sometimes they make other people feel bad."

"Why do they?"

"I don't think they know why themselves."

I am quite certain that the individual who first provided this answer, the owner of the establishment we had just left, had no idea why he had said what he did, and he clearly had no idea that his words were harmful. They had come naturally, by force of habit. This was simply the way he was accustomed to dealing with small children, and she was curious about the way he had been doing it with a child herself.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" he had asked me, not unkindly, while my daughter was over the peach bin.

My daughter ate tight little buds and, dressed as she was this afternoon, in blue overalls, it is conceivable that someone would not be entirely certain.

"She's a girl."

And yet, a moment later, when we had paid and were about to depart, the fellow thanked us, smiled, and said, "Bye-bye, little boy."

"It's not a boy," said my daughter sharply. "It's a girl."

He grinned my way and offered a compensation walk. "No, you're not, you're a boy."

"I'm a girl!"

I was at a loss. It wasn't simply that the pointlessness, the futility of speaking up was apparent. I honestly would not have known even how to begin. By pointing out to him that she was a human being, too,

she added, "You do that to Me too sometimes."

It is—indeed it may always be remembered—among the most ungrateful and jarring aspects of recent greatness, the business of suddenly becoming aware that there is a truth cap reading to one's side. In our home, we have a framed photograph of the alleged shortcomings of others, laid in recent weeks, here and there about the question "Who are you talking about?" And earlier than very often, I had been forced to discard a framed photo after a sudden conscience beside it would pop up again. "Papa, don't think that Scott's bad for you."

Now, in general, this is a ghastly phenomenon, one I view less as a threat than as a challenge. This time, however, I met my daughter's observation with a stiff smile.

"C'mon, precious," came my reply, as I handed her up to my shoulders, "let's go home."

That was my instant reply, to myself I silently and something quite like the working class, overjoyed and when he preferred not to deal with a touchy issue. "What do you mind? You're outta my head!"

IT IS hardly news that most of us tend to think about ourselves a helluva lot. In fact, an outright case could probably be made that never, in the process of human history, has a society so grossly self-absorbed as ours is, as enthusiastically, as does this one.

Which is why, on the face of it, it seems understandable that most of us tend to be able to see only what suits us to see. For all the hours we devote to reflection upon the world as it happens to bear upon us personally, we hardly need those many other hours given over to our physical selves—it is almost as if we choose to live more or less, less fully, less fully attuned to the world around us, perhaps, but at least as



ILLUSTRATION: SCOTT BROWN



BY ROBERT BRODY

# WELL-EQUIPPED

Choosing the right tool can improve your athletic performance

AT AGE twelve I played outfield with a glove all wrong—the webbing, web, and button were to the outside, not the inside. That was a mistake I won't make again. The web is narrow, webbing is wide, fingers are tight, and a shallow pocket. I fell into the habit of holding, if not dropping, short ball, the pop-ups, grounders, and line drives hit in my direction. Yet I was certain the ball lay to my confirmation. Then, as an experiment, I borrowed from a friend a glove quite the opposite in shape: wide webbed, long-fingered, deep-pocketed. That day I secured the outfield like a vacuum cleaner; the next day I persuaded my father to buy me a new glove.

So it goes with sports equipment. You're only as good—as far along—as the tools you rely on. The better you are at selecting and maintaining the tools the more likely you'll be to improve your athletic performance, maybe even gain a decisive competitive edge. Sports equipment is a crucial link between athlete and game, an extension of mind and body—it is, at best, an instrument for transforming finances and tapping your true potential.

All the same, you'll have to invest time and research in buying and later taking care of your equipment. You should venture into your sporting goods shop prepared not only to discern disparities in quality but also to determine what suits you personally.

You should especially be on the lookout for the latest technical refinements. The improvements in sports equipment we're seeing now are fast, in some cases as with the new generation of tennis racquets, they are revolutionary. Newer tennis racquets, for instance, are a random or haphazard, baseball gloves and bats, and tennis rackets.

YOUR FIRST question in picking a new baseball bat should be: Bats or no bats? For indoor play, nothing beats either an all-leather bat, with the thickest,



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD ST. JAMES

thickest cobwebs the coe can spun, or a split-grain leather one, with a thong, somewhat less durable surface. But if you start loops, playground blackjack often ends on wavy baseball, you'll want a vinyl baseball. Only vinyl can stand up to a continuous scrubbing against cement, gravel, pebbles, sand, and who knows what.

You should run some tests to make sure the baseball will bat and truly true. Tap it about twelve feet in the air with reverie open to see whether the rotation is even all around. If it wobbles, the ball will wobble, if symmetrical, it will spin consistently. Or you should roll the ball along the floor. Again, if the ball is not balanced around its center and spins at a roll not straight, it will roll. You have your hands around the bat to check for rotation, and you can do the same with your hands on a golf ball, and your hands around the outside of the ball, to see if the dimples on golf balls, will great effect as flight. So the long run,

you should probably stick with the ball you already like. says Rob McLean, national sales manager for National Basketball Association Properties. "The ultimate all-around tool is a mitt that's well balanced, with the weight evenly distributed between the fingers and the thumb."

For proper maintenance, follow the care tips on the label. Under ideal conditions—70 degrees temperature, 50 percent humidity—the ball should bounce about forty-five inches from a drop of forty inches. Since the ball at room temperature, extreme heat could force its internal rubber bladder to expand, causing the cover. Your ball will last longer if you let out a couple of pounds of air between outings to ease pressure on the interior insert. To ensure the best handling, especially if you're a right-handed player, a pair of regularly dressed, soft and delicate, of your ball with a cloth. It's partial to taking my ball into the shower with me for a thorough soap and scrub job. "You're ready for a new ball if the stitching has gone smooth," says George Hinrich, spokesman for Spalding. "The ball may become too slippery to handle well enough to crack, like a knuckle ball."

To find a good baseball, look for similar characteristics—well-defined stitching to superior aerodynamics, straight seams, a smooth grip on the ball in the perfect balance. By leather for dirt or grass playing fields, vinyl for blackjack. Note whether all the laces are tightly tucked in; dangling laces put pressure out of back enough to prevent you from throwing again. The two panels stitched together to form the side should be perfectly at the poles. These seams should be visible at the point of the ball just before the center hole in the web. "It's," says Larry McLean, spokesman for Rawlings. As with a baseball, inflate your baseball to the specified air pressure, clean often, store at room temperature, and deflate at least weekly.

AS I discovered twenty years ago, choosing a baseball glove is a far more idiosyncratic affair. For openers, a glove you plan to wear for softball should be longer and wider, especially in the fingers, than one meant for baseball. A soft ball is twice asache around, a baseball only once. As a general rule, though, the more spacious your glove, the more extensive your play-making range. A larger glove is also preferable for players on baseball because the ball disappears faster on a glove's playing field.

You, however, should also determine which glove is best. In balance, catchers' gloves are with long-fingered, wide-wristed, deep-pocketed gloves, often with a padded H-shaped web through which to watch a pop fly full home. First basemen typically wear a specially padded, fingerless catching glove; catchers need a spacious shaped, all-padded fingerless mitt, and pitchers like wide, deep webs that hide pitches in the works. A die-hard second baseman should play with a fairly flat glove to pluck the ball quickly from the pocket for nifty relays. Shortstops and third basemen, with stronger throwing arms, can get away with a deeper pocket.

The glove you're looking over in a store should fit roughly on the hand. If it's loose, you'll have trouble squeezing the ball after you've caught it, if it's tight, you might not get to catch the ball at all. A new glove is supposed to be stiff enough to stay open on its own, but it's often closed on your hand; it's often too big, too soft, or both. Also, you can break in a stiff glove in a few days; a soft glove in a few weeks. You will, however, have to graduate from the sweet flavor of wood to the high-tech flavor of aluminum.

SOME SIMILAR ALL-leathers come into play when choosing the right tennis racket. Get the while, baseline players fond of slapping ground strokes should get a heavier racket for power, while serve-and-volley players should stick with a lighter racket for easy maneuverability. Again, your size and strength should be the question of racket weight. Remember, a racket too light or too heavy could aggravate tennis elbow or tendonitis, so you should strike a balance among power, control, and long-term comfort. I know of a lawyer whose tendons cleared up since he switched from an eleven-once to a 12.5-once racket. "Once you can tell which racket you should get, and only after trying," says Warren Baum, equipment consultant to major top pro tennis players. "You should experiment with several rackets before you buy, but there is no substitute for playing strong."

The key message may be that you should be a tennis player before you buy a racket. I am a tennis player, and when I play tennis, I play tennis. We do not. Sure, I make my own rackets, but my good students still stand by my tennis coach, and my wife, still plays tennis in the name of fitness. Tannen's, of course, could revolutionize my racket, as long as some local tennis camp or pro shop is available for one of those graph-beam specials. But I have a hunch that what really needs fine tuning at this point is me.

ROBERT BRODY's last *Sports Clinic*, "Curing Lefty," appeared in January 1982.

THE MAJOR considerations in selecting a baseball or softball bat are length, weight, thickness, and proportion. "The bat you should swing depends on what kind of bat

you are," says Peter J. Bernstein, author of *SportScience* and professor of physics at Brooklyn College. "The heavier the bat, the harder you can hit the ball, but the more strength that's required to swing the bat fast enough to hit the ball hard." He believes a light bat is best for speed and control, you can better delay the decision to swing and better direct the line of the bat to hit the ball. George Wuster at the New York City recreation board's baseball camp can outplay a baseball with a light bat, and can do it in a thirty-two-second bat. But you should also swing faster against your will. Let's say you're six feet tall, but like a warehouseman and worker with an appearance, go with a thin-batter, too heavy for you to swing around for power. If you're five feet, 180 pounds, and take a level swing designed for torque contact—usually for power and doubles, you want a bat, thick-handled but light you can easily maneuver.

Most softball players, especially in fast-pitch leagues, today prefer aluminum bats over wood. Aluminum bats, because they are hollow, allow extra length and distance without adding weight, besides being lighter, so aluminum bats is virtually unavoidable to cause it will take less force than wood. A recent Arizona State University test found that the drivers with aluminum bats averaged four miles per hour faster—and an estimated two miles per hour faster—than those hit with wood. The only catch here is that you have to graduate from the sweet flavor of wood to the high-tech flavor of aluminum.

WE ALL SOONLY have the hazard of depending too much on our equipment for dramatic results right away. We all too easily succumb ourselves into the delusion that if only we would train harder, eat better, buy the right gear, catch more balls, or change our training, we would participate more effectively and competitively. Playing tennis to forget about taking about tennis. Then again, we can never rest with fresh confidence, as in a sugar pill can chase away a headache. "The right equipment does make a difference, but only a small one—and then it's usually psychological," says Dr. Ernest Martineau, director of the Sports Research Institute at Penn State University. It all comes down to confidence. If you think your new softball glove will help you better, you very well may.

I have known at first hand the pitfalls of playing equipment connoisseurs. Just a few months ago I purchased from a standard wooden tennis racket to a release aluminum one. My new racket, just by virtue of being aluminum, felt right and was my used hand. I even modified it to bent the frame in accordance to a 12.5-once racket. "Once you can tell which racket you should get, and only after trying," says Warren Baum, equipment consultant to major top pro tennis players. "You should experiment with several rackets before you buy, but there is no substitute for playing strong."

The key message may be that you should be a tennis player before you buy a racket. I am a tennis player, and when I play tennis, I play tennis. We do not. Sure, I make my own rackets, but my good students still stand by my tennis coach, and my wife, still plays tennis in the name of fitness. Tannen's, of course, could revolutionize my racket, as long as some local tennis camp or pro shop is available for one of those graph-beam specials. But I have a hunch that what really needs fine tuning at this point is me.



it was a bone. "What can I do for you?" I asked him one question, which went on for a while. It was short life and work and celebrity, and the success of being loved for yourself and not for what you do.

Then packed up his duffelbag and lashed it to. He looked across the table and found his chewing tobacco with his hand. He never raised his eyes. "God Almighty, you're not after a cigarette?"

"I said I wasn't smoking." "Or we could talk about what you eat."

"Everything," he said. He panted his stomach, but there's a mechanical quality to Phillips up close that you can't pick up watching him with the audience on Sunday afternoons. I was sure that look before, and I have looks pugil on television, he self—pronounce you—still like the corner of a soft when you bring into him.

I asked if he had always been strong.

"Well," he said, "I worked from a very early age. Milked cows, fed chickens. When I was fourteen, I got a job with TSC Motor Freight Line, loading trucks for thirty cents an hour, sixty hours a week. I worked all summer at that and never did find out what TSC stood for. Might have been one of them things nobody ever knew."

The next year I went back, I transposed added my age so I could get a driver's license. I drove tractors that year, because that's a better job than loading them. Then

I drove a little of everything. After high school I joined the Marines and fought in the war. Traveled with my friend Charlie McDonald, and worked the oil fields and taught world history, anything else you could think of."

"I never did have much ambition in the regular sense of the word. I always worked at the job I had. I paid the head you're dead, and there isn't a half of a lot else you can do."

I asked if he ever looked at anything else and saw even his own age working it.

"Oh, you want to know what I see down here," he said. "I can tell you exactly. It was the Red Cross. I didn't like them from some things I seen in the service that didn't really have nothing to do with the organization, just some of the people in it."

"Anyway I got out of the Marines and went to work chewing piles of an old re-in

try outside Beaumont. And one day the company came around and said we'd like to give that tiny percentage of our salaries to the Red Cross. I wouldn't do it."

A week later a supervisor talked to me

and said I had to. I said I'd give it to anybody else that needed it."

"A week after that the president himself took me up to his office and told me the company had to have all our returning veterans work whatever there before he caught him to let some of his big go to stale

soons. I said, "Get my check ready, and I'll leave right now."

"I took the long way home—I feel like driving when I lose a job—and that's how I happened by Laramie Junior College, and stopped to watch the football game at an price. The coach came over and asked if I'd like to try out for a scholarship. I said I might, and that's how it happened! If it wasn't for that, I'd probably be gone to another job."

He doesn't tell the story like Marshall or the Red Cross saved him though. To like Phillips, working on race to rank something you need to be saved from.

At Laramie, Phillips first met his old friend Charlie McDonald, who, as it turned out, could as well sit in the office. Charlie is a veterinarian now and takes care of Banc's horses back in Richardson, Texas. Phillips invited him to come to San Francisco for a football game. He said something like "Come on, Charlie, walk off them ticks and let's go to San Francisco."

"We both knowing each other forty years," Charlie and Banc, "had Banc sort of changed in a way. He's a soft-in-common now as he ever was. He knows good people when he sees them. He knows when people want to listen, and he knows when they want to talk. He's not in the case at night and somebody will come up and want to tell him what's going on with his diabetes, and he'll listen. That's the kind of friends he has."

"He doesn't ever just stand up and knock them on their lot."

Charlie and Banc were on the line a few minutes arguing each other how to run their businesses. When they hung up, I pulled Phillips back toward his place at the office, none of strangers.

"What happens when your work makes you famous?" I asked.

He thought about it a minute and rubbed his eyes. "You give a lot of cowboy boots away to charity," he said. "And hats. They always think off."

"Can it change you?"

"I still work the same, if that's what you mean," he said. "I always work the job I said I'd do. A person ought to do that, and I expect it from my players and coaches."

"If you come in here and try, we aren't going to have any problem. If you don't try, then we get a problem, but you aren't going to win the game. You're not going to be here. I don't like lazy people."

"The same to you," I said.

"An article on keeping your promise," he said. "What you say you do, you ought to do it."

And there is hope in that, I think. And Banc Phillips holds it out for certain people and makes uncommon things seem possible.

"A person ought to respect his promise," he said.

JOHN MILLER is a columnist for the *Philadelphia Daily News*. His newest book, *God's Pocket*, was published by Random House last year.



## DuPont's fiber fillings insulate you from the only thing that changes faster than fashion...the weather.

The great outdoors would be even greater if we could be sure of the weather. But whatever the weather, you'll be fashionable and warm in a garment insulated with one of DuPont's fiberfill products.

There's comfortably affordable DACRON® HOLLOWFIL® 808, premium DACRON® HOLLOWFIL® B, fantastically thin and highly efficient MONTEFIL®, and the Everest-tested QUALIFIL®, the modern alternative to down.

So look for one of these hangtags at your favorite store. When the weather changes, you won't have to choose between function and style, you'll have both!



© DuPont registered trademark.  
™ DuPont service mark.



**ADS**  
Audio Apart.

**ADS in Concert.**  
ADS makes fine audio components for your home, your live music venue. Their virtues lie in accurate reproduction. When you play something, you hear it. ADS 800-822-7777 Operator 483. Or write ear resistant music lover, David Orinoff, ADS, 90 Progress Way, Waltham, MA 02452.



Wanting. The Simpson General has determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Deteriorative to Your Health

**VANTAGE.**  
**THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.**

Great Taste  
with Low Tar.  
That's Success!



**VANTAGE**  
100s



# THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

## Filthy Rich

BY CARL KAPLAN

To HEAR AL BLOOM tell it, the Sexual Revolution was triggered by the success of the Pill, but the rebellion's earliest, most intense stage started around the creation of the home-video movie.

Bloom leaves his subjects. As president of California Control Corporation, a California-based "adult entertainment" movie trade, he's witnessed the decline of the sex theaters and bookstores and the rise of the X-rated home-video movie—let's call it a multi-billion-dollar slice to the billion-dollar industry. With that shift in business direction has come mass distribution of pornography and a new, soft-core audience.

Five years ago, when Bloom first entered the sex business, he produced movies for the adult theater and home-filming markets only. In 1985 California sold 75 percent of its revenues direct to video stores. Cal Vista, another California-based retailer of X-rated movies, released 10 million feature movies per year. President Sidney Neukirch says that it delivers 20 to 30 percent of its revenues from home-video sales.

One great advantage of home video is its vast sales network. At present there are fewer than eight hundred adult movie theaters in the U.S. At the same time, there are more than four thousand discounted movie-and-pop video stores, of which an established 75 percent carry adult products. "We also sell to TV and telephone stores, to video stores, to record stores, to adult bookstores, and to some movie theaters in California," maintains Neukirch.

A second advantage of home video is that, by and large, it is sold in clean and friendly stores that are uninfested by the open subculture. "We don't run our shop like a dirty bookstore," says Jerry Fabbri, president of Movies Unlimited, Philadelphia's largest video store. "We provide order books and pencils if our customers want anonymity."

In Neukirch's experience, an adult picture is one of the first tapes a new VCR owner buys or rents. "Everybody buys and rents X," he says. "It's doctors and



Box office smash software

lawyers—a real high-class clientele."

The success of video stores is driving studios like California and Cal Vista to expand more and more to their "new" audience. As a result, the breast-masturbating movies in the major studios don't look like open-heart surgery; they have fat budgets, easy loans granted to couples, and star systems.

"I've spent as much as \$400,000 on one movie," says Bloom. "The films we produce aren't for the mass market,"

he continues. "They're for the niche."

"We've got to get to the middle class."

Other producers are creating entirely new forms of adult entertainment. One example is Keygen Video, the first video company to come out with an adult magazine on videotape. Issued quarterly, *Electric Blue* features sex scenes, an "electronic commercial," and

interruptions. "Businessmen get very good," says Keygen president, manager Russ Wilson. Keygen's audience ranges in age from twenty-five to thirty, he notes. "Our purchasers are 80 percent male, 20 percent female. Our tapes are designed to be viewed in mixed company."

Adult-movie makers don't seek re-acceptability; that would be a deathknell to an industry that's on the side of the forbidden. "When they try to profit and then the language goes up, then there's no place to go but up." "The future can only get better," says Sidney Neukirch. "Next year there will be a total of twenty million VCRs in the U.S. That's a nice market."

No one is profiting the Sexual Revolution Part II from any part of the VCR owning public. Neukirch recently released two special edition adult tapes with captions for the hearing impaired.

## PERSONAL TECHNOLOGY

### The Pocket Translator

By John H. Friend

Have you ever wanted to take a trip to Paris because you don't know how to speak French? Before you pack your suitcase with monolingual phrase books and take along the hand-held Translator 8000, developed by Longeneckerschmidt Publishers of Massapequa, New York. It stores four-thousand foreign words and phrases, geared to the tourist and student in separate French, Spanish, and German models, for \$499.95 each.

On a recent trip I whistled away a full hour with a demonstration model—capped in the palm of my hand. Using the translator's proximity key, I tested myself with flash-card-like questions, and I was then able to stop up unknown words for recording later. Longeneckerschmidt's 130-year-old publisher

of foreign dictionaries, promises the Translator's battery will be fine thousand hours—three times the length of the typical European vacation.

## Strike Up the Synthesizer

By Ben Sischo

A FEW SHORT weeks ago music and business were ballyhoo, banks of plug-and-wires that took a technician to operate and, all too often, sounded like a bunch of bees. Not so today. Since the advent of digital cassette, the computer is at the heart of thousands of recordings from jazz albums to rock hits, and they sound like music, not machines.

The result of the new frontier in the computer revolution can be read in statistics just released in the American Federation of Musicians. In 1983 record companies paid out 17.5 percent less to musicians for recording sessions than they had in the previous year. As recent graduate David Sylvian can attest, though, technology need not hold you back. "For anyone who's got a mind and fewer live audiences at the studio," the baton has, musicians are feeling threatened by synthesizer technology.

It was the introduction of a small unit called the LM-1 that put a computer hook in 1979 that helped to generate the new musical machines. Interested in Roger Linn, a rock 'n' roll guitar player with little previous computer experience, the LinnDrum (as it is now called) sounds as good as the real thing because it is, figuratively, the real thing: the drums of the last studio musicians recorded a stroke at a time on microchips and stored for later use.

The price of the art has dropped from an initial \$5,900 to today's price of around \$2,500, because of the price drop, mostly in the recording business where the new music computer with

The chips behind the drum



## New America's People



BY ERIN PLUMMER

★ Two years ago Steve Golman, now twenty, served some of his time as phone operator for a company that made and sold telephone jacks. ★ block buster and pulling other urban digital preschools. He still spends a decent read ★ want to taught programs. And, otherwise the ★ ones we print have pretty much gone straight. ★ Golman is now an independent telephone engineer whose services are in increasing demand, thanks to the breakup of AT&T. What he does is analyze a company's telecommunications needs and design a system from scratch. The services one consultant taking it himself—will at a very reasonable price. The company of clients are public interest groups. The New York office of the National Resources Defense Council is one. And he's run about \$50,000 in revenue. Earlier this year he and two partners set up Public Interest Telecommunications in Brooklyn.

Establishing a corporation has not been without its gray areas for Golman: "I wouldn't deal with being a less... be one. I'm barely employable myself." So for those who are worried about the future of the telephone industry, don't be. And Golman insists that at least two thirds of his clients are public interest groups, business or small businesses—recently, for example, New York environmentalists' "I'm not interested," he says. "I installed a lot of phones made by AT&T."

an open checkbook. The second was of the Lyndhurst on 10th Ave. Michael Jackson, "Thriller," and Ray Parker Jr., "Ghostbusters," only with their

Naturally enough, Roger Linn sees his invention in terms of the logical progression of things. "The last pipe organ was a pipe synthesizer for an orchestra," he says. "What we're doing here is just another evolution—step. But others have raised the concern that because so many records are now being made with this same equipment, they're all starting to sound alike. Hence, we're being rather cultural revolutionaries—those between black and white music, for instance—and further, the music for a young musician to develop his own sound is being undermined."

Studio drummer Buddy Williams, after touring with David Sanborn's band, summed it all up very well. "I feel just like John Henry... trying to stay one step ahead of the machine."

## Stone's World

BY JONATHAN FUND

Das magazin MAY succeed in becoming America's first truly musical newspaper, but it still won't match the dreams of *Wingsticker*. The twelve-year-old supplement to *Rolling Stone* on five continents seeks nothing less than to become the first "global consumer newspaper."

The paper employs a network of fifteen editors based from Caracas to China. Though it has been met with opposition from the editor of its host paper in South Africa, for instance, who fired for publishing antigovernment articles, it continues to grow, attracting writers of such stature as John Kenneth Galbraith.

*Wingsticker* is the creation of forty-year-old Steven Stone, 50 percent of whom now owns the *Rolling Stone* publishing company. After leaving *Rolling Stone* and CEO of his own *Wingsticker* in the late 1980s, he became the first head of a company listed on the New York Stock Exchange to publicly oppose the Vietnam War—a bold move for a defense contractor—and then helped organize a peace campaign. Eugene McCarthy's 1968 presidential bid. Twice, Stone made Richard Nixon's enemies list.

But Stone makes a serious believe in "true free enterprise system," and respects the work of several conservative think tanks. He owns a minor-league hill club and California Business, the nation's largest regional business magazine. Stone's *Wingsticker* will help "inform every constituency these issues are perceived in other nations." The paper's polemical machine however: "The best advertisement for everybody."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID S. SIEGMUND



When it first hit the street, *Car and Driver* called it, "What the hell is it?" And *Car and Driver* could have been right.

Dodge Daytona Turbo Z. It ran zero to 60 in a mind-boggling 5.5 seconds. In the process, it ate late the '84 Zapp. And it didn't need a hefty V8 to do it. Just four cylinders, turbocharged and fuel-injected.

'85 Turbo Z is just as impatient with distance and speed. And thoroughly dressed to thrill. The goods include a quick, close ratio 5-speed. Fast. 14 to 1. rack and pinion power steering. Power front disc brakes. Nitrogen charged

shocks for flat blinding through curves and around corners. And massive

## "STUNNING OVERACHIEVER"

—CAESAR ROKE

15-inch Shelby wheels fitted with Goodyear Eagle GT Performance radials.

Outside, Daytona Turbo Z

looks like it means business—with an aggressive aerodynamic shape that includes front air dam and rear spoiler. Inside, more of the same. Deep buckets with adjustable lumbar and thigh supports for the driver. Between the buckets, an integrated console.



AN  
AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION

"Dodge has proved that a small, turbocharged front-wheel drive car can be considered the potential equal of the finest rear-wheel-drive V-8s." —*Car and Driver*, Sept. 1983. \*\*Based on test of 1984 model. 0-60 mph conducted by NHTSA. \*\*Based on optional dealer-installed ground effect kit. \*\*5-year/60,000-mile warranty, whichever comes first. Limited warranty on engine, transmission and other body and chassis. Excludes fleet and lease vehicles. Restricted areas. Ask for details.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY



## CHANGES

# Placing a Premium on the Future

By MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

INSURERS HAVE SCRAMBLED to keep up with a startling change, from the entry of funds (not discount stores) into the insurance workplace to the gradual replacement of whole life insurance with higher-yielding variable life and term life policies. But the industry does have an early warning system—the Trend Analysis Program (TAP) of the American Council of Life Insurers. Founded in 1968, TAP is the oldest and largest industry-sponsored forecast group.

TAP operates with the aid of 225 volunteers in 80 insurance offices across America, each of whom is a particular participant in a network of an insurance. Once a year the members meet with prominent historians to exchange ideas.

Monton said reports to TAP headquarters in Washington at the rate of a week, the reports are placed in a computer data base. Tapping the words "inflation and def." into the system reveals more than forty articles that have been summarized by TAP members in TAP, from a piece in *Nursing* that urges increases in personal space consumption to an *Architectural Record* analysis of the health food market.

TAP reports its findings in a bimonthly newsletter and in four longer reports designed to alert insurers to future trends. The group's work has had an impact. For instance, a PBS report on

the growing number of women in the workplace, widely circulated on Capitol Hill, surfaced again last year during debate on various insurance legislation.

Most insurers use TAP to educate insurance executives on the importance of saving the future. "People have an interest in looking at trends," says TAP chairman John T. Clark, an executive vice-president of Mutual of Omaha. "Without TAP, most executives wouldn't worry about the future at all."

"I try to use TAP to tell my bosses about upcoming problems," says one executive. "When I find there's something like annuities changing, I'll tell them about it and how that's going to grow," they say. "Nah, that can't happen."

TAP studies scheduled to be published in the next two years include

- Nutrition and its effect on life expectancy, a study that may have far-reaching consequences. "We often lower rates for non-smokers," TAP executive Sharon Melissa notes. "Should we offer lower rates for vegetarians?"

- An analysis of the changing nature of retirement, including shifts in the retirement age and how attitudes about retirement have altered in the last decade.

- New medicines in America. What new underclassses have been created during the Reagan years?

## THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

# Evidence

of the new America can be found every day on the front page of The Wall Street Journal's second section.

(A) The column devoted to trend analysis on Mondays and Tuesdays is filled with figures and solid business. On Wednesday is a preview of real estate, and on Thursday is Marketing. On Friday, there's a column on Defense. It goes on like this. The paper's advertising offices have a new motto for middle-income Americans: It's never too late to get greener.

(B) In The Journal they talk about the market. It would describe a product or service that must eventually be sold off. Today the organ has become a software program that prepares to take over local government and bureaucracy. Just better handle the corporate implications.

(C) The Journal is filled with the kind of news stories that are dealt with in association or a behind-closed-bureau doors. On October 10, The Journal reported in a eight-page series on working women and motherhood as the biggies and one piece of the latest development in the technology industry: the creation of new gestors.

# General Patents

A Monthly  
Cavalcade of American  
Inventiveness



Arms too tired after waving the flag on the Fourth of July? Are the Stars and Stripes giving you aches and pains? William E. Bonda of Torrance, California, wants to save Old Glory for you—thanks to his new flag-waving machine. The number of case plans and Marines thrown out of work due to technological innovation is a cause for concern. (Patent 4,462,234)



Thanks to Peetie Kaunus of San Diego, California, and Duane Lawler of Snyderville, Utah, you don't have to freeze your bones on the ski slopes anymore. The two mogul magpies have created a "heat generating device for skiers," which is designed to prevent the skier from slipping up the slopes. The invention is a covering for the passenger, made out of a waterproof piece of fabric that folds out of a belt. Slide on! (Patent 4,458,780)



Your house keys have always unlocked doors, not houses. Now Perry, New York, wants to turn your keys into an self-defense weapon as well. Perry's new device consists of a key chain with a coded handle type that fits inside a hot dog handle. Press on the end and the ring unscrews, turning the chain into a portable knife. (Patent 4,458,174)



First came the disposable french fry box with a straw sheathed in plastic on its side. Now Rosalyn Di Bellole and George Spector are introducing with a twist. They've created a drinking straw inside a can. Open the pull-tab and the straw pops out, ready for sipping. (Patent 4,462,235)

By Martin Morse Wooster

# Not for Sale... Yet!



At Home with SFA's Men's Store

A Saks Fifth Avenue wardrobe for men... to shop for from home! Find everything a man needs within our Men'swear Catalogs for Spring and for Fall 1985. To receive the Spring Catalog in March and the Fall Catalog in September, simply enclose a \$2 check or money order with the completed attached coupon and return it to us no later than January 31, 1985.

Mail to: SFA Folio Collections Inc.,  
Dept. 1372, P.O. Box 5009,  
Grand Central Station,  
New York, N.Y. 10164

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

*Saks Fifth Avenue/Folio*

## FUTURE TENSE

THE  
NEW AMERICA  
COMPENSATION

## Pumping Chi

BY JEFFREY GOODMAN

**TU CHI** is for people who can't stand yoga. Like me. My disinterest dates back to the time when I was investigating a story about the sexual indiscretions of a well-known yoga guru. In the course of getting to know one of my interviewees, I was persuaded to take an "introductory" yoga class she taught. After a minute or so, my delicate fibers to keep up with the instructor, I twisted a vertebra. To this day, it haunts even the thought of taking a yoga class.

What are the alternatives for those seeking the flowing grace and strength promised by Eastern physical disciplines? You could take up a martial art. Some people like being thrown all over again by experts, and enjoy "getting into" the Zen of bone tendons and cracked shoulders that frequently accompany rigorous training.

But if you're seeking something less static than yoga, and something less joltingly painful and kick-thrashed than karate, park, or karate, then let me tell you about the virtues of tu chi. The perfect middle way between yoga and martial arts.

You may have seen tu chi in the mass-market wake-up workouts that *Shape* magazine newsmen are fond of showing. If

you haven't seen it, imagine one of the lightning-fast, whirling striking, kicking, pinching, hair-pulling in a Bruce Lee movie. Then imagine Bruce doing the same thing in super slow motion. That's the hot working definition of tu chi—slow-motion living.

It was running that brought me to tu chi. When I increased my weekly distance from thirty to forty miles, I started getting tendonitis in my heel. Was told to stop running for six weeks. Knew that I'd jump out of my skin if I didn't have some substitute. Signed up at the Abu Tu Chi Studio in SoHo. Took six weeks of classes. Learned about just the "short form" in the Chen Mu Chang styles. Found the tendons disengaged. Started running again with no problem. Continued doing a half hour of tu chi every day, and the tendon mended. There aren't a lot of disciplines that can make exceptions—for five years now.

Before I get into the exceptions, let me tell you a little about some of the "other benefits" of tu chi aside from its usefulness for "Western" purposes. I'm not going to say to tell you any One True philosophy here. (Personally, I think Oriental philosophy is highly overrated.) I mean I know the official answer to the koan about the sound of one hand clapping—and it's not that great.) But after doing tu chi for about three months, I began to experience a host of physical embodiment of Eastern metaphysical concepts. The rhythmic shifting of weight and extension up and down the body gives you a sense of the ebb-and-flow of movement, from filling to emptying. You experience yourself growing out of the ground rather than stuck on it. This

is wrong. By the third month, I was getting all kinds of leg aches and pains I'd never had before. Got the message. Let it roll to my body talk. Actually a woman taking it, was running. Started tu chi again. Gradually lost the leg pains. Now if I could only find that damn vertebra.

ILLUSTRATION BY RANDI

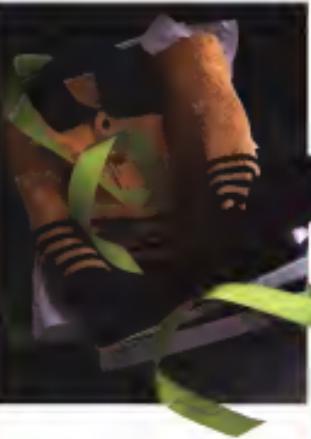
## Disney on Ice

By Carol Case

**TO SET THE RECORD straight**, Walt Disney's body is not frozen. But James Bedford's has been for eighteen years. When the seventy-three-year-old Glendale, California, psychologist died in 1967, he became the first human placed in cryonic suspension. Then he lies, his blood replaced by chemicals, his body frozen solid until scientists discover a cure for cancer—nay, to mention a way to bring frozen corpses back to life.

Cryonics disciples admit the movement's future has chilled somewhat since the Sixties and Seventies, when as many as forty persons were frozen in storage capsules. Only eleven bodies remain, according to Arthur Quate, president of Trans-Tissue of Encino, California. "Many didn't make the proper legal and financial arrangements and had to be thawed," he says. Quate's cryonics company now numbers 200 to 250,000 paying members, the body for freezing a human the retain a relatively low maintenance. The South Florida Cryonics Society will not consider anyone with less than a \$150,000 policy. But skyrocketing costs aside, the most significant factor against recruitment is the lack of a track

## "Gee, thanks" vs. "GEE, THANKS!"



We know how it is.  
Every Christmas,  
you shop for ho-ho-ho  
And end up with  
ho-hum.

This year,  
give Weber,  
instead.



Weber has a gift for  
almost everyone, from  
barbecue kettles to accessories  
to the new Weber FirePlace™.

All of them  
are built with legend-  
ary Weber quality.  
And any one of them  
is a welcome sur-  
prise on Christmas  
morning.

So this year, put Weber under the  
tree. And see what kind of thanks  
you get.



For the name of a Weber designer near you, call  
1 800 323 7296. In Boston, call (312) 634-5600.



# It may be the most beautiful car you can buy for purely practical reasons.

It is a car in which electronically impelled fuel injection has replaced the carburetor.

To give you more consistent starts. Smoother acceleration. More precise response.

It is a car in which the engine's vital functions are monitored and adjusted 250,000 times a second by computer.

To constantly fine-tune the engine's performance to account for in-

fluences even as subtle as changes in barometric pressure in the air.

It is a car whose design and construction have been centered around a variety of concerns.

As significant as safety, with impact-absorbing crumple zones and a high-strength passenger capsule to help protect the occupants in case of an accident.

And as luxurious as custom matching of every tire to every wheel.

to maximize smoothness of ride.

The Mercury Cougar is a car so committed to aerodynamic principles, there are even openings to move air under the car for effective engine cooling.

In fact, there are hundreds of practical, intelligent reasons to own a Cougar that have nothing to do with the fact that it's also a very beautiful car.

So if you're one

of those who've been attracted by its looks, but were determined to buy something that's completely practical, call us toll-free at 1-800-MERCFAX and let us send you a 1985 Cougar catalog.

We'll help you buy one of the most beautiful cars you may ever own.

For purely practical reasons.

## Mercury Cougar

# The Half-life of the M.B.A. Mentality

**L**ORIS is her mid-twenties, and she works at New York in that arena that comprises the world of books publishing, magazines, advertising, public relations. She shares a house at the beach last summer with a large group of single men and women. Most of them were M.B.A.s, she said, and she had some trouble getting along with them because of their "M.B.A. mentality."

I asked her what an M.B.A. mentality was. After all, an M.B.A. is just a master's degree in business administration. Men do not think in terms of English or literature or, particularly, having a career mentality. Lois herself has a career's been. She's been a writer, as well as being self-educated as her housemates. But her degree is an M.B.A., and the M.B.A. is something else again. "Why?"

"Because they make more money," Lois said. "Sometimes I think we're living in a two-tier society. There are M.B.A.s, and there is everybody else. The M.B.A. is a think of everyone in terms of money. They look up to those who make more money and down on those who make less. If you've been to a famous business school like Harvard or Stanford, you extract people from the other business schools—and the people from the other schools start to make a lot more money—or get a more prestigious job. To an M.B.A., it's important to have the right kind of car, to live in the right kind of neighborhood, to wear the right kind of clothes. M.B.A.s have no time for artistry—unless the artist is very famous. They would never date a nonartist or a teacher or a writer or a poet. And, at least one of the housemates should make a lot of money."

"M.B.A.s have a condescending attitude toward people with interests in society, though they enjoy associating with them. M.B.A.s want money because it buys

power, prestige, and the right connections. Money is the measure of their success, but it's not the only measure; it's the measure in business that counts. If you ask M.B.A.s, that they went there things, they don't even understand the question."

"So what got to me was feeling I was at the wrong end of the spectrum. Somebody would say, 'This is Lois.' Lois and the M.B.A.s would say, 'We.' Then one amateur about the weather of the beach, and then, 'Where do you work?' I would tell them I worked for a publisher. They would say, 'Oh, even though publishing is an interesting business—in fact, it's an interesting business, but the salary is low because it's not competitive for the job.' Then I would say, 'I can't tell them I work for a sweat somebody else. I guess you could get their job if you can.' Tom Jones, Michael's editor, and he just promised \$2 million in 'bookends,' but it would be the \$2 million they'd be interested in. He'd be like, 'I say, if Tom Jones Michael's editor, and my writers are not in a position to give anything to anybody—they have a hard enough time with the rest.'

Lois is a sceptic. She has stopped buying several times, but apparently she loves the result of winter women's status: enough to reach into her purse.

"Now, these are last track M.B.A.s, I'd

admit," she said. "Maybe there are others who aren't quite like this."

The last track M.B.A.s are the ones who got the jobs—those their second year at business schools. Companies want these students because they're more willing to work hard and unquestioning. They're not afraid of your dress." Chocolate or lingerie after dry cleaning? What kind of car did they grow up? What kind of dad did they grow up in? If these students have any kind of grades—or not—such business experience—they think of themselves very highly, and they see the best. There is apparently so much division that new M.B.A.s can make two or three times what mid-M.B.A.s

make. They can start right out of business school at \$60,000 a year if they had some experience in business before school. I know one who got \$85,000 a year."

Lois was oppressed by the intensity of the M.B.A.s in her house, and advised to be away from them.

"There they work hard," she said. "The have. Sometimes they didn't get the whole weekend off, even in summer. So a lot of Wall Street firms they have to get there earlier than the partners they work for and have the partners and new people work harder. And then these partners get there at six-thirty or seven in the morning. It's not at all unusual to work late hours at night. Instantly, you need to be develop the firm's campaign—who else do you need? I know a woman who had a forty-hour case and a half days long—then she had to fly to Cleveland to close a deal. The work itself becomes a drag, and then they don't know how to do or talk about any thing else. You should have seen them—on Sunday night people have been to the beach, somebody wants us to have a new hope they brought, somebody else has seen a great movie, and the M.B.A.s are in the kitchen talking details and percentages and clients. Be what I want to know is this—just what the hell is it that do that is worth so much money?"

WHAT is it they do that is worth so much money? I have had Lois' house at sunset several because she used to have a very thoughtful, and the other one was something about the kind of society we live in. Is the social order—the car, the culture, even the attitudes of the times—that produce these money discrepancies. We take for granted how, for example, that doctors make a lot of money. It has not always been this way. Louis Theroux writes that when he graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1982, the advice from older physicians

Anna Scott is the mother of The Money Game, Supermoney Powers of Mind, and Paper Money

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GIBSON



that appeared in a recent *newspaper* was that young doctors should have rich wives, because, while medicine was a hard calling, one could scarcely make a living from it. Doctors are much richer now, but not because their education lasts so long or because disease and death have become more important. Doctors are richer because of what is called "third-party insurance." Society decided that medical care was a right. It did not decide the overnight, some of the insurance was like corporations were subjects of fierce negotiation by unions. The federal government has allowed insurance and made it available to all. Fifty years ago, if you got sick, you had to pay your own bills, and you could not get paid for high—or promptly paid—excessive bills. But doctors can now collect from *Thomson* or *Prudential* or the federal government, and health care accounts for 30 percent of the GNP—\$375 billion a year. It's a lot easier to be a rich doctor than it used to be.

We used to think online plants made so much as \$100,000 a year because they were responsible for our lives when we flew with them. The image grew up of the silver-haired responsible competent la-

ther, with the Chuck Yeager stories on the interview—This is your captain speaking." Then People Express along and proved it could pay pilots \$300,000 a year to fly a 727 on 1,500 miles nonstop, pilot could say, "This is your captain speaking," just like the \$300,000 pilot. Much of the flying public seems more influenced by how than the experience or salary of the pilot, and I suspect pay raises of all pilots will be slowed by the changes in the overnight, some of the insurance was like corporations were subjects of fierce negotiation by unions. The federal government has allowed insurance and made it available to all. Fifty years ago, if you got sick, you had to pay your own bills, and you could not get paid for high—or promptly paid—excessive bills. But doctors can now collect from *Thomson* or *Prudential* or the federal government, and health care accounts for 30 percent of the GNP—\$375 billion a year. It's a lot easier to be a rich doctor than it used to be.

Lois' last track M.B.A.s are a new era, consulting with one of the major firms as Wal Street. Consulting has traditionally paid high fees to recent business school graduates. The Wall Street M.B.A.s these days' summer house were—padding down the holes they kept and the money they made—in investment banking and underwriting. An investment bank's costs consist of stocks or bonds. The skill involved is that of using up the opportunity in the mar-

"NEW M.B.A.s CAN MAKE two or three times what non-M.B.A.s make," said Lois. "They can start at \$50,000 a year. I know one who got \$85,000 a year. Just what the hell is it they do that is worth so much money?"

marketplace, marketing the client in the action, and marketing the security. Underwriters don't look long because the boxes are long or life itself is at stake, but because it is not a percentage of the dollars at stake in the deal. If you bring me your company, which is worth \$50 million a year in profits, and I bring up a deal that gives a market value of \$80 million to your company, you're not going to complain when I tell you a bill for \$800,000, and I may be able to do all the work in a month.

One activity of investment banking is on loans and underwriting a division of companies. This is slightly more complex than buying or selling a firm, but it doesn't necessarily take more time. I know a friend who is an investment banker who used to buy companies for JET when that plane bought off lots of enterprises. JET bought *Axes*, *Reca*, *Car*, and *Wunder Bread*, among others. I'm not sure which deal his friend worked on, but he got quite rich. Now JET's stock is down, and these are warning that another management can take it over and sell off all the companies—at least some of them, then, were acquired. JET has gone up and gone down, but the investment bankers' easier money in bank divisions. And the fees? Well, when Getty was bought by *Texaco*, the investment bankers' fees were equivalent to \$100,000 to \$145,000, because the value of Getty was \$10 billion. Plenty of cash to pay for hard-working young M.B.A.s.

Will a career as a doctor I think not? These things are cyclic. We have cycles in which the values of the business society are paramount, in which getting and spending are very important, and in which money is taken for granted in the accepted practice. And we have times in which public purpose surpasses private interest as the accepted goal. The times are not ready to turn yet, the Reagan years will be remembered as money value years. The rulers of the last track will be with us while longer, but not forever. ■

# How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

While the advent of apparel is certainly appreciated, especially in sub-zero surroundings, the birth of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps is universally ballyhooed.

All it takes is one teeny-weeny taste to convince you that this refreshingly crisp blend selected from nine apple varieties is the most sinfully delicious thing to happen to apples since day one.

Whether you're throwing a posh garden party or entertaining a party of one, succumb to the temptation of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps. It makes every Eve feel a little special.



## DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps

DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps Liqueur 40 Proof. ©1984 John DeKuyper & Son, Elizabeth, New Jersey

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Esquire

# Dubious Achievements of 1984

THE ANNUAL REPORT

Let future historians decide whether 1984 was better or worse than the preceding. We're just happy it's over. Oh, there were some good times: Liberate celebrated his fortieth anniversary in show business; Brigitte Bardot and Sophie Loren both turned forty, and the year marked the thirtieth birthday of the TV disease. Still, like newspapers weren't exactly brimming over with joy. Before we get to the details, let's review the year in brief, up close and very personal.

## In Business



JOHN GUTFREUND's little video bar was acquired nevertheless.

## In Human Affairs



MICHAEL JACKSON was all alone in 1984.



DANIEL HANNAH was all well.

## In Sports



MARY DECKER was the year's worst loser—in a raceway.

## In the Relations Between Men and Women



BOB GUCCIONE stopped the girl next door.

## In Politics



LOUIS FARRAKHAN came in support of Hitler. "A very great man."

## And in Science



STUART L. SCHREIBER, Yale professor, helped create a diddy seahorse-like contraceptor.

## Business



THANKS, BUT WE'RE  
ALREADY BOOKED AT THE  
WILDFIRE-MENANDO

Local entrepreneur Jell Wilfert took out an eight-year lease on a room at Morris' Bonneville Hotel in which John Lennon once stayed. Then he announced plans to rent it out to Beatles fans.

THAT'S THE BUILDING WITH  
FOUR SIDES, RIGHT?

The creators of *Twinkie Times* admitted that the answer could be hundreds of questions you can't answer. "This is a game we're taking apart," said a company spokesman, "not the *Twinkie*."

GOES NICELY WITH  
WING TIPS AND A DOUBLE-  
BREASTED SUIT

Dragon Lee Sands of Honolulu designed an attack cone made out of the skin of chicken feet.



## SANDY, WE'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MOTHER TERESA

Sandor Stein of Parsippany, New Jersey, operates summer camp for Cabbage Patch dolls. "I know it sounds like an incredible rip-off," Stein said, "but it's not."

WHAT'S BROWN AND WHITE  
AND READ ALL OVER?

Park's Farm in Ontario, Canada, began renting out advertising space on the books of its cows.

COMING SOON: HOUSE  
GORGEOUS, SEVENTEEN-  
AND-A-HALF, AND THE NEW  
YORKEST

Freida's Good, a women's magazine dedicated to fashion, beauty, health, and fitness, changed the

name of the magazine to *Feeling Great*.

AND, AS MAN AT HIS  
BEST,  
SAYS, IN A BOX, NEVER IN A  
WAVE

Small Arms Weaponry, a Madison store, ran a Valentine's Day ad suggesting that men give their loved ones handbags.

BUT SUNNY VON BULOW  
LIVES HERE!  
A COMMUNITY protest

day by the opening of Kyo-Sung Choi's deli of fish on the Park Avenue in Madison. And, as man at his best, "But the residents of Park Avenue want to look out the window at vegetables!"

WE'RE BRUSHING AS FAST AS  
WE CAN

Perry's National Coca Company began experimenting with a brand of toothpaste containing cocaine.

LUDMILLA SIROG EARNED  
MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED  
WAY...

Ludmilla Sirog of Poland was charged with keeping her husband by charging him for sex. The plaintiff said that after twenty-eight years he could no longer afford the \$200 she charged per session.

IN FINLAND THEY CAN'T  
KEEP IT ON THE SHELF

McArdle's announced plans to run sex tape *Love Skills* on explicit video set rental featuring full nudity and sterilizedmacenage.



## INCIDENT DISCLOSURE

R. Foster Wootton, who was a reporter at *The Wall Street Journal* after he was charged with sexually assaulting two female stock informants to his love in Hollywood, who allegedly invested on it in the stock market.

SIL'S BILLION FOR CHRYSLER  
AND NOT A CENT'S 1.218.05 FOR

Blocko Teleproducts—main factor of the Podunk Automobiles, Inc. Smokin' Arseny and the Vag D Matz—which filed for bankruptcy.

THE FIRST ANNUAL ESQUIRE  
MAN-UP QUIZ: CAN YOU  
GUESS THE IDENTITY OF THIS  
FAMOUS MAN/WOMAN?

## DON'T MISS

The year according  
to Esquire:

## DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT

**AWARDS** January. Esquire of its segment. A collection of the bizarre and profoundly dumb events of the past year. Completely chronological as weird and perverse.

THE SOUL  
OF AMERICA

**January** Collector's issue! A tour of 10 American cities and towns that exemplify our national character. The people. Beliefs. Industries and businesses. Celebrated and portrayed by America's best journalists.

HOME DESIGN,  
ARCHITECTURE

**July** An in-depth look at the pros and cons of an approach to home improvement that's sweeping the nation. Decorating. Bold dramatic ideas.

## SUMMER READING

**August** Esquire. Bring you the last new fiction issue. Plus a look at what's in progress. A remarkable summer reading fest.



**MONEY** February.

Midyear. Special #6. Service it investing. Plus our new section "Smart Money" come monthly.

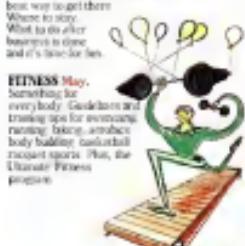
## SPRING FASHION

**March** Not just jackets, pants, shirts and ties. But bright, colorful accessories after all over you can spend. How little you need to.

**TRAVEL** April. Unique ways for business or pleasure. Where to meet throughout the world. Where to eat. The best way to get there.

Where to stay. What to do after business is done. And it's time for fun.

**FITNESS** May. Something for everybody. Guidelines and training tips for swimming, running, biking, aerobics, body building, basketball, racquet sports. Plus, the Ultimate Fitness program.



## FALL FASHION PREVIEW

**September** Look to fashion pros around the world. Yet there's flair, but no fake. Just the quality fashion sense you've come to depend on.



## TRAVEL October

A unique vacation planner. To take you to the best places at the best time, for the best prices. What's more, most overpriced and underpriced.

## HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

**November** Cheers! Organize a dinner party that's sure to bring lots of invited folks, regardless of all known personalities. Take the family out of town.

THE ESQUIRE  
REGISTER

**December** Our annual salute to entrepreneurship. America's leaders in the use of 400 million dollars to create wealth. Their impact on our lives—and our futures. Chronicled by the best writers in America.

**T**here's more to Esquire than the cover story. Every issue brings you stimulating information about sports, finance, music, and the like—plus great fiction written by today's biggest literary talents. No other magazine can come close to us.

Discover Esquire today and only \$14.95 for a one year subscription. That's a 50% off the regular cover price of \$30 a year. If you've missed a lot of the issues we tell you about here, don't worry. New year's issues are just as exciting, and the information just as relevant, to you.

Return one of the order cards in the name today. If the card is missing, simply send your name and address to: **ESQUIRE**, P.O. Box 2800, Boxster, CA 90222 or call our toll free number 1-800-247-2180.

Imagine... 365 days of Surprising, Provocative **ESQUIRE**,  
THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

## Politics



**IT'S 3 P.M. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PRESIDENT IS?**  
White House aide Michael Denver and Reagan sometimes naps during Cabinet meetings.



**COMEBACK OF THE YEAR**  
Bert Lance



**ROLLBACK OF THE YEAR**  
Colorado senator Gary Hart, who had claimed to have been born in 1947, admitted that his actual birthday was in 1936.



**SOMEWHERE UP THERE THE DOORS ARE OPENING FOR OFFICE**



**MR. PRESIDENT, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR YOUR NAP?**  
Reagan's radio broadcast. Reagan said, "My fellow American, I've signed legislation that will restore Romeo for ever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

**THE TRICKLE-DOWN THEORY IN ACTION**



**HE'S WAITING FOR THE MOVIE**

Asked whether Reagan had read a report on the Leiberman embassy bombing, spokesman Larry Speakes said, "I don't think he's read the report in detail. It's only a half page, double spaced."



**WHO SAYS JESSE DRAINED THE JEW?**  
Jesse Jackson, in an off-the-record interview with a reporter during his presidential campaign, referred to New York City as "Jewtown."

**HOT TRIAL—HORA EPICHRN NERDINGER**  
On the tenth anniversary of Richard Nixon's resignation from the presidency, former Nixon speechwriter Benjamin J. Stein wrote a column in the Washington Post saying that "everyone has forgotten" what Watergate was all about.

**GREAT STATESMEN NEVER DIE**  
While playing in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament, former President Gerald Ford became a minor spectator with a golf ball.

**DETAILS, DETAILS**  
Competing on a television

minister John Turner was excused for greeting two women by patting them on the backside.

news program in Boston, U.S. Senate candidate David Hartley was unable to name the leaders of Syria and Israel and had no idea which side the U.S. was supporting in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

**HOTDOG**  
Talking about his book *Jerry Lewis in Person*, Jerry Lewis told Parade, "I think I really wanted to write my biography more to be able

to mention that Jack Kennedy and I were friends than anything else."



**KENNY BOOGIE? MAYBE**

## Politics



**BITCH ONE OF YOU WITCHES IS THE CANDIDATE?**  
Barbara Boxer called Geraldine Ferraro a "bitch" and "I can't say it, but it rhymes with bitch."



**BLAZED MONTH OF THE YEAR**  
The Reverend Sam Mlynczak began serving an eighteen-month sentence for tax evasion.



**ASKED IF HE WAS GOING TO BE THE MOST VILIFIED MAN IN AMERICAN POLITICAL HISTORY, RICHARD NIXON SAID, "IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME THAT MUCH."**

**NIXON WAS GROOMING ELVIS FOR PRESIDENT**

**AND SPURRED AGHORN FOR VICE PRESIDENT**  
Brenda in the *National Enquirer*



**WHO'S BE BETTER AS FOURTH EX-CHIEF**  
Elizabeth Taylor watched for the role of Ethel in a new play about Robert Kennedy.



**ED. KOCH STRA**  
While visiting the Berlin Wall, New York City mayor Ed Koch suddenly shouted at East German soldiers, "I'm here! It's me! It's Mayor Koch! I'm here!"



**BUSH LEAGUE OF THE YEAR**

## NOT SOLD IN ANY STORE!

ITEM	IF YOU BUY IT AT THE HARDWARE STORE	IF YOU ORDER IT THROUGH THE PENTAGON
Circuit breaker	\$3.64	\$2,543.90
Six-sided nut	13	\$2,063.00
Alignment pins	93	\$7,417.00
Plastic stool-leg cover	22	\$1,118.00



## The Sexes

CHARLES SWEET LAMB,  
HEAPS THROUGH IT LIKE A  
BABY

One of Princess Diana's very favorite sayings is that when the Princess wants to relax, she puts on an album by Culture Club. "We're a very sexy, leather-clad, quashed-in-the-corner, and just let her be."

## OH, SHUT UP!

After 18 years of marriage to rock star and model superstar Rod Stewart, we over. Said Alana: "Rod wants to go out with mindless, immature young models. I don't think I'm the anything."



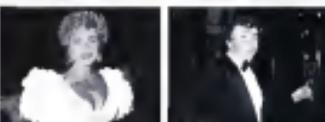
## GIA CARANI ON THE PIAF

Sydney Biddle Blaustein, appointed by New York police for clandestinely running a high-priced call-girl ring, turned out to be a descendant of two prostitutes on the Mayflower.

## ...AND JERRY MATHERS AS THE BEAVER



Beavers in made-for-TV movies were played by Larry Anderson, Debbie Reynolds, Farrah Fawcett, Barbara Carrera, Meredith Baxter-Birney, and Candi Stoermer.



## FUNK COUPLE

Elizabeth Taylor and Liza Minnelli have been frequently spotted together. "Liza is a friend, but he's not specifically a date," said a spokesperson for Taylor. "She met him through John Werner, and then through Henry Koster."

## THE NEW AMERICAN MALE IS ALIVE AND WELL...

Robert Hunter of Roslyn Heights, New York, was arrested for breaking into women's homes to tickle their feet and steal their shoes. Said a detective: "If he saw some girl who he thought had nice feet, he would go to her house."

...THROUGH HOW  
AND THEN HE STRAYS  
INTO CANADA

A Quebec man was arrested for stealing 143 pairs of clotheslines in Canadian cities since



## DR. WALTER, YOU BITCH

Walter Matthau's wife, Betsy, and her husband Betsy "dairy-looking girls who look like they just got out of bed. He likes Melina Mercouri."

## AN HONEST MORTAR

Construction worker Harry James Bay of Dickson, Tennessee, died for an accident after discovering that he had unwittingly married his mother.

OO WE HEAR WEDDING  
REBELL

Phonebo Galen confronted Bess Armstrong, Brooks Adams, and Arctic Discourse in the TV musical *Love Anchored All Right*, which one of you he has as his mother?



only thing I could do. It's the hottest nonpolitical news story in a decade."



GERRY FERRARIO? NICE TRY

## THE ANSWER TO AGING

for every man who wants to maximize his appearance...his health and fitness... his sexuality...his life expectancy

- *Is a more frequent need to urinate a cause for alarm?*
- *What substances are particularly important in maintaining healthy vision?*
- *What is man's most powerful sex organ?*
- *Is there really a shot for a longer life?*

There's a Bright New Future  
Before You in **HOW A MAN AGES**. Yours to Examine  
Obligation Free.

Now, while you're reading this ad, is the time to prepare for your future. Because as modern medicine extends man's life expectancy, you owe it to yourself to live up to the creative possibility that exists every moment. **HOW A MAN AGES** puts the potential for a brighter future in your hands! If you do not believe that it can live up to its promise of helping you enjoy a longer, more active life, simply return your copy for a complete refund.



Aging is inevitable. But there is an "answer"—a response to growing older that lets you make the most of what you have, whatever your age.

**HOW A MAN AGES**  
Growing Older: What  
You Can Do About It  
by Chris Penner  
and Dr. Walter Matthau

How men want to know...  
what men need to know...  
What aging causes questions  
About health. About appearance.  
About longevity. The answers to these  
questions can be interesting, illuminat-  
ing, and...practical  
to your future.

## The Road Map to Your Future

**HOW A MAN AGES** guides the  
nearly to your deepest concerns about  
aging. It is a complete guide to the  
myths and facts about aging, this important  
volume also suggests ways to  
minimize the effects of age-related changes that cannot  
be avoided.

An invaluable 228-page  
volume, this is a permanent hard-  
cover reference you'll turn to for  
a lifetime of accurate information on  
the aging process.

Practical Strategies for Extending  
and Enhancing Your Life.

Not only will you be informed of  
changes to expect, you'll also learn  
what you can do about them! For example,  
you'll find all the information you  
need to:

- Train your body to relax in five easy steps
- Learn an exercise designed to maintain healthy lungs
- Exercise your eyes to prevent their decline
- Condition your skin to look more youthful
- Protect your ears against



## Esquire PRESS

Send to: Esquire Press  
P.O. Box 646, Holbrook, PA 15945  
or call 1-800-243-2244.  
For a free catalog of  
HOW A MAN AGES and other titles, Please  
add \$3.00 for book and postage and handling.

SAWT Endorse payment, use and  
publisher pays postage and handling costs.

Bill me.

Charge to my credit card

MasterCard  VISA

Please enclose my order in a deluxe  
envelope for \$1.50 extra.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

SD and DC residents add applicable sales tax.

## Science



## WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEAR'S EVE?

Myself, professor Leonard S. Lekay invented a ingenious invention that forces smokers into attacking themselves.



## THEY ALSO TEND TO MOVE, JACK

Curator John Dorobach adapted that the corn snake on display at the Houston Zoo was made of rubber. Said Dorobach, "We have had low snakes in the exhibit, but they don't do well—they tend to die."

## SORRY, THE PRAUGH MOTEL IS RODDED. YOU MIGHT TRY THE WILDFORD-MIEMUD

Chemists doing research in the laboratories at Yale University produced a synthetic cockroach aphrodisiac for the first time. Said Associate Professor Stuart L. Schreiber, "It was a flash of epiphany."

## WEIRD NEW FLAVOR

Dr. Shukla Sheen of the University of Kentucky extruded protein granules tablets that can be folded into a low-calorie, substitute for macadamia or whipped cream.

## WHICH IS STILL A LOT EASIER ON THE CARDS THAN FILLING THEM UP

The British government reported that feeding-time squeaking by pigs exceeds



## IT'S A TREAT TO HURT YOUR FEET WITH THE LUNATIC ELITE

Thousands of residents of southern California began attending seminars to learn how to walk barefoot over live coals.

the disabled level reached by a clown shoe.

## HO GANG DE BRAIN

An engineer in Shenyang, China, invented a bike that serves as a desk, sofa, bicycle, and wheelchair.

## IN DESPERATE SEARCH FOR EXCELLENCE

Dwight Stuart, head of Carnation's pet food division, said he and his fellow

executives lost the taste of cat food at company meetings, said Stuart. "We got very close to the product."

## THE NUMEROUS NUMEROIS IS CONNECTED TO THE ULTRAULTRA, THE ULTRAULTRA IS CONNECTED TO THE RADUS RADIES

California office worker Sally Carter was awarded \$3,500 in compensation for damage done to her arms, back, and spine as a

## HOW DRESDEN CELEBRATED C'EST MAGNIFIQUE!

A Toronto firm began marketing Potato-Wise, a potato powder containing potato and flavoring that turns into soup after sugar and water are added and it's left to sit for a month.

## BETTER WHICH SAUTÉED OVER A LIGHT FLAME, GARNISHED WITH A PURCE OF TURNIPS, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A FULL-BORNED PRESTO

Emma Glass of Luray, Mississippi, said she gave up the habit of smoking after her husband died, but it was a bad habit. "That makes me much more irate than mad," Glass said, and she "just doesn't mind so much to me. I wish I had some dirt right now."



## THE SAD TRUTH IS THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS DOING SOMETHING USEFUL

Dr. John Ronayne was disengaged by the New York Board of Regents for performing a blindfold and prostate operation bona fide after becoming blind.

result of spending several hours a day over a photocopier machine.



## GENE SHALIT? NOT CLOSE

## Celebrate American Excellence...



Collector's Graphic  
1984  
THE WOMEN OF EXCELLENCE



Stirring. Inspiring. Emotionally Colossal—Esquire's 1984 Wall Graphic is a powerful visual salute to this country's young men and women of excellence, created by the renowned graphic artist William Heizer.

Specially commissioned to complement Esquire's bi-monthly Annual Report issue, this original work of vibrant color and dramatic design depicts the driving energy, creativity and perseverance needed to succeed in today's competitive environment. To own it is to make a statement of your own commitment to excellence.

Suitable for framing—this stunning graphic is ideal for home, office or gift giving. Only 200 signed and numbered copies are available; at \$75 each, unsigned copies are \$25 each. To reserve Esquire's 1984 Collector's Graphic, fill out and mail the coupon below.

## Esquire

SEND TO:  
Esquire  
P.O. Box 648, Holmes, PA 1943

Yes, please send me the number of 1984 Collectors' Graphics I have indicated.

Signed and numbered copies, \$75 each  
 Unsigned copies, \$25 each  
 \$75 for shipping and handling for each copy  
 NY and PA residents please add sales tax [ ]  
 Enclosed is my check or money order (no cash please)  
 Please charge my credit card  American Express  
 MasterCard  Visa  Exp. Date [ ]

Account No. [ ]

Signature [ ]

Print Name [ ]

Address [ ]

City [ ]

State [ ]

Zip [ ]

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

Print not required  
Right-hand margin for signature  
by check or money order

## Human Affairs



## P.S. I LOVE YOU

Paul and Linda McCartney said they became vegetarians after looking up how their lamb dinner and serving a flock of sheep grazing outside. Said Linda: "I struck as that we were eating one of those lambs, that I was eating somebody's leg."



## THE PUNK SHOPS HIKE

R. Leonard Nimoy, head of the Department of Safety and Health Administration, told congressional investigators he was unable to supply certain crucial documents because his dog chewed up them

## FIVE GOOD REASONS TO GO ON LIVING

A spokesman for Pia Zadora said it was "very possible" that she and Bo Derek would make a movie together.



Director John Derek assured the public that his wife, Bo, will continue to appear made in movies.



Dolly Parton said that she and Boy George are planning to record an album together.



Jameson Jackson announced that he and Pia Zadora are planning to record an album together.



Gary Coleman signed a deal to star in a TV movie as a teenage arsonist.

## GONE WAS IT!

Don Haggerty, star of the TV series *The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams*, was arrested in the Beverly Hills area for selling cocaine to undercover cops.

Stacy Keach, star of the TV series *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer*, was arrested at London's Heathrow Airport for possession of cocaine.

## HE SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO DOMINICS

Former South Vietnamese premier Nguyen Cao Ky fled bankruptcy in Santa Ana, California. Among the debts listed in his petition: \$620,000 to Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

## STILL, IT LOOKED GREAT WITH THE SOFA.

Three Columbia University students picked up a

damaged carpet, took it back to their dorm room, unraveled it, and discovered a corpse inside.

## MENABO WEPT

Perth Amboy Board of Education president Edmund Himeski apologized to board member Fernando Gonzales for referring to him as "our Spanish friend." Said Himeski: "What more can I do?"



## WITCHED EXCESS

The 19th Century Fox Licensing Corporation began marketing a line of *Dragonfly* products. One includes lava perches, and nurseries. Said president Chuck Ashburn: "By Christmas you will be able to dress like Kresley, Alexa, Boke, or Jeff... day or night in the Carribean world and even smell like one of them."



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLATINUM?

Harvard law student Boy Bigorgne created a pin-up calendar called "The Men of the Harvard Law School." Bigorgne, who appears on the calendar wearing a silk robe, a gold chain, and two large pectorals, said, "We wanted to change the image of the Harvard man."



## YET ANOTHER REASON TO HATE THE FRENCH

The government of France has created Jerry Lewis as a Commissier of Arts and Letters.

have a pinupized publicity. What do you want? A trip to Puerto Rico?"



PHYLIS DILLER

Photo by Jim Keppler

## CLASSICS on CASSETTES!

ALSO AVAILABLE ON STEREO RECORDS



## WINTER HAVEN

1984 (1953) *Winter Haven*

# The Statesman of Survival

George Kennan developed our Cold War policy nearly forty years ago.

Now he thinks the Russians are a frightened bureaucracy, and he's calling for an end to missiles

# No

HE DID NOT INVENT THE COLD WAR, though he gave a name—and intellectual fire—to the policy designed for restraint. Containment, it was called. Nor is he a peacenik, though he praises the Bush prisoners and wants us to scrap at least half our nuclear weapons. Rather, he is a man convinced that the Russians are being stalked obsessively for a nuclear war unless we radically change the way we think about defense. He holds no government office, wields no political power, and insists on payoffs. But he is respected throughout the world as a man of vision and integrity. He is a witness to historical events that shaped our world, an actor in that drama, and now an eloquent crusader engaged in the most important struggle of his life.

by Ronald Steel

Photo: Andrew H. Walker  
Associated Creative Artists  
Courtesy of the Author  
Photo: Andrew H. Walker  
Associated Creative Artists  
Courtesy of the Author  
Photo: Andrew H. Walker  
Associated Creative Artists  
Courtesy of the Author



George F. Kennan is our foremost authority on the Soviet Union, a leading critic of our foreign policy, a distinguished historian, a former diplomat who was in the right place at the right time, an internationally renowned author, and now an impassioned opponent of nuclear weapons and the very notion that our security can be built upon them. He brings them both some forty years ago to alert the nation to the Soviet menace. And now he is urging them again to tell us that the weapons we use to protect ourselves pose a far greater danger than the Soviets do.

Scholars and diplomats usually live in the shadows, but much of Kennan's life has been surrounded by controversy. He first became a public figure in the mid-1940s, when he argued a get-tough policy with Moscow and formulated the containment doctrine. Containment has been the justification for our global network of alliances, our military and political presence in Europe, our wars such as those in Korea and Vietnam, and our current involvement in places such as Lebanon and the Middle East. Kennan long ago repudiated the highly militarized form that containment took. But it still stands today as the explanation for much of what we are doing in the world.

Kennan spurned containment again in the mid-1950s when he urged the unification of Germany in neutrality and the withdrawal of both Soviet and American troops, as the mid-1970s when he attacked the policies of détente with the Soviet Union, and now once again with his crusade against nuclear weapons.

In recent years Kennan—who long since left government service to become a historian—has become a key spokesman of the peace movement. In his first speech, written and broadcast before the recent collection *The Nuclear Debate*—he has relentlessly attacked the notion that nuclear weapons are a sensible insurance of warfarance. "We have them as a 'shield weapon,'" he decries the effort to mount a nuclear defense. "But he is in no sense a unilateral disarmament. He believes in a strong conventional defense and fears whatever increases in conventional weapons may be needed to meet our commitments to Western Europe and Japan. Weapons of mass destruction, he insists, are in a class apart. "The danger lies, not in the possibility that someone else might have more missiles and warheads than we do," he argues, "but in the very existence of these unacceptable quantities of highly poisonous explosives." To cut through the impasse of the stalled arms reduction talks and the relentless price of weapons technology, he proposes his own plan: a 50-percent across-the-board cut in re-

armaments, a comprehensive ban on all nuclear weapons, a ban on weapons development, and a pledge never to use nuclear weapons first.

Kennan is not only an experienced participant in the critical debate over nuclear weapons, but also a historian of distinction. He makes his home in Princeton, New Jersey, where he is a professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study, a preeminent think tank whose distinguished scholars pursue their studies. He was invited to the Institute in 1959 by physicist Robert Oppenheimer, then its director, and has made it his intellectual home since that. It is there that he wrote the books that have won him international recognition.

**"THERE IS,"  
said Kennan,  
"no issue at  
stake worth a  
nuclear war."**

of them dealing with Russia. He has won two Pulitzer Prizes, honorary degrees, a host of other awards, ten nominations to count, and a place of substantial honor throughout the world. His most recent monograph, *Russia 1922-1950* and *Moscow 1952-1963*, is a classic of American history—at once a panoramic account of our tangled relations with Soviet Russia since the 1920s and a compact, accessible study for both the amateur and its eloquence.

But Kennan is a person who cannot easily be explained by the terms diplomat or historian. He is also a political analyst with sharp words to say about the way we and the Soviets deal with each other. He deplores their "hostile" view of the world and the "compulsory" nature of their regime, with its "dark suspicion of everything and everyone, foreign"; and he criticizes our own "war addiction" to spending for an "unending war with Russia"—an addiction that makes us "no longer fully in control of our own destiny." He also criticizes the "so-called one-man question" of the international status that governs our society. And he is a persistent activist in the interest of the debate over nuclear weapons. George Kennan, who will be eighty-nine in February, is once again in the thick of political battle.

Kennan's greatest strength as both historian and critic has been his ability to stand back and take the longer view. While he has written at great length about the divided range that the Soviets have of the West—one based on their history and deep insecurity—he is less critical of the way we see than we do. He argues from a kind of "anti-Soviet system" that converts a conventional political rivalry into an Anglo-American like the Showdown between good and evil, short military engagements, and a long-term political alliance. He argues, in a sense, that the Showdown is not just of the United States of America war but of its corresponding peaceability and even stoicism. "Our own government, together with the media, has conjured up the image of the Soviet apparatus as the most terrible, despotic, and abominable aspect—an apocalyptic monster, incapable of equilibrating other than the last for destruction, and lets itself with only military military struggle." This is precisely the attitude, he points out as a historian, that led Europe to a catastrophic war in 1940.

As a diplomat, Kennan was trained in Russian language and history, served in Russia for many years at the embassy, eventually as ambassador, and played a key role in formulating the post-World War II policies of dealing with the Soviet Union. As a historian—the career he began after leaving the Foreign Service in 1953—he has written scores, books, mon-

ographs, and treatises as a guide to political action." Though he criticizes the way we demonize the Soviets, and thinks they have no intention of attacking Western Europe, it would be a mistake to try to put Kennan on the political Left. He is repelled by the communist system and not at all reluctant to endorse the use of American military power where he considers it necessary and effective. In the social order he values stability and respects authority and hierarchy. Like a true conservative, he is a champion of race, democracy and believes that the best form of government is one by the law and enlightened. But even the enlightened can make dangerous mistakes. This is why Kennan has now joined forces with the protesters in the anarchist movement.

To understand the critique of George Kennan, why he says of himself, "I am a conservative, a reactionary, a reactionary and a liberal," one has first to consider his career as a diplomat. That career begins in 1936 when, as a young man recently out of Princeton University, he entered the Foreign Service. The State Department was beginning to create specializations for the day when diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia—broken after the Revolution of 1917—would be restored.

Kennan, together with young colleagues like Charles Babbs and Lewellyn Thompson, who would also become ambassadors to Moscow years later, was put through a rigorous training program. For nearly ten years he studied Russia, first as a cavalry officer in the once-independent Baltic states of Estonia and Latvia, then as a graduate student at the University of Berlin. He served the Foreign Service during the Nazi era, the women of Russian poets and novelists, and found themselves the unfortunate White Russian refugees who had fled the Revolution.

His experience among the diplomats, his superb dictate for economy and wisdom, his attachment to a girlish, bourgeois order, his horror of the Stalinist regime he witnessed during his later years, the Soviet capital filled with a "sheer intellectual drapery," for Soviet Marxism. "So naturally were the attitudes of Russia's degradation borne in upon me during the years of my residence in Moscow," he later wrote. "So prolonged and incessant were the however-brief impressions, each other confirming and heightening the other—that the effect was never to leave me."

It never did. Even during World War II, when America and Russia were joined in a battle against Nazi Germany, Kennan opposed my suggestion of moral support for

the Soviet Union. "Never—neither then nor at any later date," he wrote of that period, "did I consider the Soviet Union a fit ally or associate, moral or political, for this country." When Kennan returned to Moscow in 1944, near the end of the war, he warned his superiors in Washington that Russia's objectives in the postwar world would be very different from those of the United States. He wanted a political showdown with Moscow while American military power in Europe was at its peak.

Since American policy makers shared his view, while others believed they could contain Soviet ambitions through political agreements and economic pressure, To Russia, uninvited at Moscow, it seemed

**"I'M AFRAID,"**  
Kennan said,  
"the cards  
today are lined  
up for a war."

argument for those who wanted to reverse the wartime alliance with the Soviet Union but were not sure how to end that alliance face to face with the American public.

Called back to Washington in triumph, the forty-two year-old Kennan was the bright young star of the service. He was rewarded with important posts first at the National War College, then as head of the policy planning staff in the State Department, where he helped draw up the path-breaking Marshall Plan for the economic recovery of Western Europe. In the summer of 1947 Kennan was permitted to write an article, under the pseudonym "E," explaining a new policy American strategy, he explained, should rest on the "deter and vigilante application of consequences" of a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, corresponding to the shifts and changes of Soviet power. Through "a series of violent conflicts," the United States could, he maintained, thereby bring about the "dislocation of the gradual melting of Soviet power."

The word "dislocation" was magnificently ambiguous. It sounded definitive rather than aggressive, yet it permitted unceasing scope for action as part of its goals. Containment became the basis for the massive U.S. military buildup designed to contain communism around the world.

Harry Truman used it to justify the decision to intervene in Korea from 1950 and to reenter West Germany. Dwight Eisenhower relied on it to end the French in their doomed effort to control Indochina and to re-ignite the CIA coup that overthrew the elected leftist government of Guatemala in 1954. Containment, which started with small military aid to Greece and Turkey in 1947, soon went global as the United States forced its command influence over every corner from Korea to Korea. Aid programs, military bases, and a network of alliances turned a plenum into a worldwide American military firmament.

It was not long before Kennan himself became skeptical about some of the fruits that containment was taking. While he had few qualms about the use of military force to suppress revolutionary movements in places like Latin America, he thought that containment in Europe was becoming too relaxed. He was against the division of Germany and the incorporation of "our" Germany, the Federal Republic, into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. That, he argued, would make the division of Europe unavoidable. His superiors had decided it already was. He also split with them in voicing skepticism about the decision to build the hydrogen bomb in 1952. That year Kennan took a leave to work

on a book at the Institute for Advanced Study. In 1968 he was named U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union. It was the post for which his whole career had been a training. But he made a startlingly independent remark to the press—campaigned for diplomatic status for the Soviets' return to them in West Germany. The informed Russians declared him persona non grata. Six months after leaving, he was back in Washington. There he lugged for a time, but the new Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, was also happy to give him another assignment: Kennan—perhaps too heavily, as he later thought—was assigned from the Foreign Service. He returned to the Foreign Service. He returned to the Foreign Service. He had a career as a diplomatic historian. He has remained there ever since, except for a stint as ambassador to Yugoslavia from 1966 to 1968.

It was at the Institute that Kennan completed the edge of a heretofore flat far from the Prussian oak canopy that I went to visit him one evening. There is little about the very vigorous Kennan that suggests his age. He is cordial and immensely courteous, yet tense and alert. His eyes, a cool, translucent blue, give no sign of emotion; the head is reminiscent of a marble bust of a Roman senator, almost sternly bald but so finely sculpted that her head would seem an intrusion. A man of moderate height, he has fine, solid bones, trim muscles, and a graceful figure. He has a faint, slightly off-color, not of candle-dust and cens. Some thing about his bearing suggests the military gym school he attended as a youth. He is a cautious, guarded man, perhaps but judiciously distant.

He entered his spacious study. Books and journals, many of them in Russian, spilled over onto the tables. Behind the desk, an enormous window framed a field of grass and trees. He offered one and then, to my surprise, declined for an unconvincing-sounding set of stern angles. "I have you first," he explained. "My book has been bothering me a bit lately, and it's more comfortable this way." I sat in his leather, pen and pad in hand, in George Kennan's fine associates.

I began by asking him about the issue that causes him so much anxiety: weapons. As far as I know, he was the first to propose the decision to build hydrogen bombs. Kennan believed that the United States should treat such weapons only as a deterrent to the other side and should not ally its defense to become dependent on them. Nuclear devices, he has declared, are "a suicidal weapon, devoid of rational application in warfare." His argument is that the first-use option adds to its long-building a credible nuclear deterrent, from pursuing an effective arms-

control policy, and thus preventing the proliferation of nuclear weapons to other countries. "After thirty-five years of trying to base our security on [these] weapons," he has said, "we have succeeded only in creating, and in stimulating our adversaries to join us in creating, an utterly disastrous amount of nuclear conflict." Recently he joined with three other prominent former government officials (Robert McNaul, McGeorge Bundy, and General C. S. Smith, respectively the former Secretary of Defense, head of the National Security Council, and director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency) to urge the United States to declare that it will not be the first to use nuclear weapons.

## KENNAN HAS been forced to question the wisdom of the elites.

"I went from a basic premise," he told me that evening in Princeton. "First, there is no way of stabilizing our political relationship with the Soviet Union which could conceivably be worth a nuclear war. Second, that there is no way in which nuclear weapons could conceivably be employed in conflict that would not involve the possibility—and indeed the probability high probability—of escalation into a general nuclear disaster. First one became atritional when the Russians developed the ability to respond in kind."

"Can we be sure that the Russians would never use such weapons first?" I asked.

"They have already announced that they will never do it, and they obviously mean it. They do so publicly, and with every assurance of earnestness. We are the ones who say they do not do it. If there is no first-use option, there will never be any use of them."

The no-first-use proposal got a cold shoulder not only from Washington but also from its NATO allies. They say they need the nuclear option to deter the Soviet Union and to combat terrorist forces. Kennan, in turn, rebuts that the West should build up its own conventional strength to avoid being dependent on nuclear weapons. But he also maintains that the NATO govern-

ments, say, own military, refine their estimates of Soviet strength to get more money out of their constituents.

Kennan is fast epidemic about the propects for a nuclear weapons ban. "If we are not going to give up the option of first use and not slow down the arms race," he continues, "then we have got to seek a political modus vivendi with the Russians that will reduce the danger of war. You cannot ask the people of Europe to sit indefinitely on this man's edge, one side of which is a steadily increasing nuclear balance, and the other side of which is nothing but nuclear catastrophe. We have got to come to some major understanding with the Russians which will permit a gradual reduction of tensions and the dismantling of all inferior establishments in Europe, nuclear and nonnuclear."

The very size of this order evoked a mood of glee. "I see the situation now with a almost total pessimism," Kennan confessed. "We have only two alternatives: a morally disintegrating nuclear balance or a nuclear war. I am afraid that the cards today are loaded up for a war, a decided and fast war, because we have the dangerous situation of trying hard to head off such a disaster." He paused a moment, as if struck by the force of his own words. "I don't go around saying this publicly because I don't think one should use pessimism, and especially not among people who are in a position to do something about it. But in case"—he added, shrugging his shoulders—"you're the ones who speak English, I am certainly capable of error."

That, too, is typical of Kennan: bouts of anger purchased by earnest estimates to do something. He is pessimistic about the chances of heading off a nuclear disaster, he definitely has not given up trying. His alternatives are to spend deep cuts in long-range strategic missiles, the full disarmament of Central and Northern Europe, a complete ban on nuclear testing, a temporary freeze on the further buildup of nuclear arsenals. The problem, he admits, lies "not in the number or quality of the weapons or in the intentions of those who hold them, but in the very existence of weapons of that nature, regardless of who holds them they are."

How do we get to the point? Partly by the realization that the nuclear arms race, where technological innovation constantly outpaces the tedious process of negotiation over arms control, partly by what Kennan calls our "war addiction" to the arms race and the "nuclear blackmail" of bombing. In Washington, short relations with the Soviet Union. And partly by the absence of domestic pressures on foreign policy.

Both we and the Soviets are locked into a suicidal weapons race that neither dares

drop out of for fear of the other, Kennan argues. Thus "creates the illusion of total conflict of interest between the two superpowers... when their problems are in large measure really common." To his die nuclear treaty has become a lie in itself "divorced from any cause or rationale other than the Soviet leadership, corrupting and distorting a relationship that, while not devoid of serious problems, never needed to be one of mortal antagonism."

Why has Kennan made so little headway in persuading government officials of the need? The problem is particularly frustrating for a man who believes in the rule of law and facts, and the informed people can always find common ground. That this has been shaken. Differences between Kennan and his critics over East-West relations, and more recently over the situation in Central Europe, are not about the meaning of what we see, but rather about what it is that we see in the first place.

What his critics see is an aggressive agenda that can be held in check only by overwhelming American military力量—an "evil empire," as Ronald Reagan's words, eager to take over the world. For Kennan this is a "cancancer rather than a reflection of what really exists." Soviet leadership is "much more deliberate, less aggressive," he insists. "It has no desire for my country, less of all for a nuclear one. It fears and respects American military power even if it tries to match it, and hopes to avoid a conflict with it. Fighting an attack on Western Europe would be, in the circumstances, the last thing that would come into its head."

Why does Kennan see the world as differently from his critics—particularly since they seem to me that he himself ought to hold the same? Part of it is because he belongs the Soviet Union, and he has finally seen the costs of it. At Stalingrad in 1943, he found the costs of Stalingrad in 1943. His brutal dictator's place here come a succession of "defeatists," in Kennan's words, "possessors of the most odious strategy in which their extreme sense of meekness binds them." Their ambition is not to conquer, or even to convert, the world, but rather to keep their fragile map together. Yet, Kennan argues, they are a "great many people in an environment in this country who don't seem to know that Stalingrad is dead."

Clearly, Kennan has come far from his earlier views. It is possible, though not always easy, to reconcile the scholar of today with the aged diplomat who, in the late 1950s, was writing analyses of Soviet behavior that terrified not only the good folks of the Dulles' old policy but even and especially the Soviets as well. Something happened between those years. The Soviet Union may be a very different place with a clutch of heroic communists waiting at the door of state. But Kennan, too, has changed. Though he still distrusts the total communists and conspiratorial secrecy of the

Soviet state, he takes a far less stern view of its capabilities and its intentions. "There is much about the Soviet Union that I don't say or say more than anyone else does," he replied. "It's a country in serious trouble, and it's not a proper model for my society. But I cannot go along with those who see the Soviet leadership as some monstrosity devoid of humanity. I put a lot of faith in people that I think the Soviet leadership is not nice people. I think I know more about that than most people around me. I live there during the Stalin era, and I know something about the badnesses this regime has been capable of. I was, after all, born out of Moscow for being anti-Soviet."

What he means, returning to the theme he has chosen, is that "the dragon" of war may yet continue to wage war. The terrible thing is that we talk about war without making any reference to the political disagreements that are supposed to underlie it. Afghanistan, Poland, human rights—all these pose beside the actual issue of war and peace. The Russians don't want a nuclear war, and there is no political issue between our two countries that could justify such a war."

"What about other issues, though?" I asked him. "What about the East Europeans?" "What happened after the war—the Russian seizure to the center of the country, the division of Berlin, the moving of Poland's Western 160 hundred miles to the west, Moscow's absorption of the old Baltic states—all this was tragic and utterly remorseless, a dismal blow to Europe. At the time of the Warsaw Uprising in 1944 I thought we should have had a political solution with the Russians. We should have let them go home as far as we could and give up Poland and Czechoslovakia. We should not have allowed the Russians to advance their borders."

"But we did, and now we have to live with that reality," he continued. "The heart of the problem is still Germany. Its long-standing desire to rejoin Soviet society needs there; they can't relax their hold on Poland and the other countries. We are still held by European communism, and he supported the invasion of the Soviet Union by Britain and France in 1946. We greatly assisted the efficient re-occupation of Eastern Europe by the U.S. embassy during World War II, and at one of his books, *The Cloud of Danger*, he showed an intense sympathy for the disastrous decisions of the Third World War for plague of ants. "When I see us for the very fact of our position and insisted with the backhanded claim of 'imperialism,' my conscience could not be less moved," he declared. "Nor has he shown any particular concern about American support for repressive governments in Latin America today. The issue does not particularly engage him. In fact, he is the State Department's best tool of approach to Latin America. He has been extremely followed by the Reagan administration. 'We cannot be too democratic about the mere fact by which local Communists can deal with us,' he reported to Secretary of State Dean Acheson following a trip to Latin America in 1950.<sup>2</sup> Where

Germany? What would it take for you to accept a free and independent Poland?" The Soviet regime is very inaccurate. This misery is both a help and a hindrance in reaching agreement with it. It is a help because the Russians would like to be left off the hook, a hindrance because it raises difficult issues to deal with. But the point is that we haven't explored it."

Kennan was brought up in a balance-of-power world. The causes that matter to him are those that have been in the cockpit of history—Germany, France, Britain, Russia—or have produced lesser-power states, like Japan. All the others are buffer peripheral areas, where the great powers cannot but that do not affect them at all.

Like many traditionalists he believes in the various spheres of influence—that great powers expect to control the weak and smaller states in their theaters. The Russians do it in Eastern Europe; we do it in Central America.

For the moment, among others, he has never been particularly concerned with questions of identity in foreign policy. He thinks that the last four human rights complications in relations with the Soviet Union, and he seems to be little troubled by human rights abuses taking place in Latin America. He was an early and ardent opponent of the American involvement in Vietnam—but in general, however, not because he considered it a waste of American resources, but because over a peripheral issue. During the height of the Cuban revolution he wrote a stirring attack on the greatest imperialist of the New York Times. Kennan later part of the book, however, in the *Cloud of Danger*, that may be a little bit of the crassness of the philosopher side of his nature. He was very belittled by European communism, and he supported the invasion of the Soviet Union by Britain and France in 1946. We greatly assisted the efficient re-occupation of Eastern Europe by the U.S. embassy during World War II, and at one of his books, *The Cloud of Danger*, he showed an intense sympathy for the disastrous decisions of the Third World War for plague of ants. "When I see us for the very fact of our position and insisted with the backhanded claim of 'imperialism,' my conscience could not be less moved," he declared.

"Nor has he shown any particular concern about the mere fact by which local Communists can deal with us," he reported to Secretary of State Dean Acheson following a trip to Latin America in 1950.<sup>2</sup> Where the concepts and traditions of popular



# THE BUSINESS CLASS HAS BIG PLANS.



To talk to this young banker now, you'd hardly guess he once sported a ponytail and worked as a master carpenter.

Chris Burch is still putting things together. However, these days it's multi-million dollar deals to finance office buildings, luxury townhouses, and stock issues.

At 29, he's chief financial officer of United Savings Bank outside Washington, D.C. Thanks in part to his creative management, this once sleepy bank is now doubling in size every 18 months.

Chris Burch considers *Fortune* required reading. And has "ever since I got into the investment business."

In each issue, he knows he'll find timely, practical information he can put to work. "Usually sure to the Money & Markets section to see if I can take any lesson from it."

This member of the Buxom Class also likes the way we dig into the news. "You're never going to find out what really happened behind the scenes, unless you can sit down and talk to the hot shots. Or have a source like *Fortune*."

There's another reason why Chris Burch finds *Fortune* rewarding. In our personal investing coverage, You see, even though Chris Burch has big plans for his bank, he has even bigger plans for Chris Burch. As some day, tooling around the Caribbean in his own 60-foot ketch.

For this business drop-in, *Fortune* repeatedly finds important news and turns it into quality information.

We make the effort the Business Class requires.

REQUIRED READING FOR THE BUSINESS CLASS.

**FORTUNE**

## ESSAY

An appreciation of the characters who write the characters on *Hill Street Blues* by David Freeman

*"Seems like they hit you everywhere you turn these days, don't it? Accept this...accept that...cope with this...deal with that... understand where he's coming from...identify with his situation...I swear. I don't know anymore. It's just words, man... smoke and words."*

-RENKO

WICK, ISN'T IT? FROM AN ENTERTAINMENT? French novel? Maybe a tony, academically acceptable off-Broadway play? Sorry, but it's the heart of commercial television. I sometimes think that in America, we only humor ourselves with writing on the bottom of the screen or much that *The New York Times* tells us are good or television shows in which all the characters drink lots of tea. The last thing Americans seem ready to accept is art from the wrong places.

DAVID FREEMAN is the author of the recently published *The Last Days of Alfred Hitchcock*.

Mal Street *Blues* is precisely about the lives of the cops in a precinct in and around the Hill—a mostly black ghetto in a big, unnamed American city. There are more than sixteen fully drawn, breathing, sweating, fluctuating, and fluctuating regular characters, as well as scores of extras, hangers, henchmen, and politicians who move in and out of the life at the Hill. The show has a documentary look, open-ended scripts, and an obsession with showing real lives in credible situations. Everything seems crowded, starting with the lives of the characters—the squad room, crowded with cops, their code leaders, and super characters from nothing more than the job it serves. David Milch, the Hill Street writer who has annotated the main on the show's narrative and its techniques, says, "Mal Street blues came along when there were rising expectations in the lower-middle class, then the country couldn't make good on that implicit promise. That left a lot of people hungry for some sense of insight. We try to provide that. That's what was new—those people, their frustrations, as the myriad forms of disease. The show copshow—that, of course, would."

Now in its fifth season, *Hill Street Blues* has had some celebrated ups and down. It's a hit for NBC and MTM Enterprises, but it's been plagued by lead-writers-like show committees presiding on the air, and in its fifth season it aired on five different nights. Last season the network insisted on at least one more story line that might have been more at home on the lowest rating comedies. It went beyond preposterous extremes, an expensive car got plan there over any dubious intent, and a secret videotape. It was not *Mal Street's* finest hour, but it's five seasons in the slot, no better, no worse, no more money. *Entertainment Weekly* has given it seven-five. *Mal Street* is a carry-on on TV and certainly unusual at NBC—a presence as popular with the critics as the critics it has replaced *Brandi* as the favorite topic of New York literary critical chat.

The show is written by a collective of ten storywriters under the leadership of the executive producer. They turn out one show a week, twenty-two a season. And though some of the shows are written more by one person than another, the scripts are usually the result of a team effort by all the writers. There have been other writers on this show, and the current leaders of the fleet are not the angriest, but they have maintained *Mal Street's* demanding pace and quality. They are: Roger Director, thirty-five; Mark Frost, thirty-one; Karen Hall, twenty-eight; Jeff Lewis, forty, and David Milch, thirty-nine. The executive producer is Steven Bochco, forty-one, who with Michael Krasny conceived and created the show. Their foundation, reinforced by Bochco's ability to maneuver through the network thicket, provides the *Hill Street*



**David Milch**  
Once a law clerk writing teachers— and a graduate of Robert Drew's *Primary Colors*—Milch has developed a taste for "realist" friends, colleagues, and the occasional amateur writer.

**Mark Frost**  
He grew up in a police precinct in the Goldene Days of the 1950s, when he was a Literature Fellow. Frost says, "I talk a lot, but I'm young in the sense of not having a memory."

**Jeff Lewis**  
The former Massachusetts D.A. has returned to a whole new world of youthful, supercilious, screwy. On the Hill, he is the voice of the voice of the voice.

**Karen Hall**  
She usually talk about girls if nothing else, and one *Mal Street* colleague.

**Steven Bochco**  
Despite all appearances, he looks it in the face, and he is a Casper Freight of the writing staff.

**Roger Director**  
With the perfect sense of timing, Bochco seems to have twenty-twenty vision when he's looking in talent. Director, who seems to be a megastar in a megastar's world, has gone from Freshman sex expert to the show's most experienced. Among the wiser critics they call him "Rocky."

writers with an extraordinary amount of freedom. Knocked after the second season to pursue a feature-film career, West-coast producer Anthony Terkowsky departed after the third season and has since gone on to create a new cop series, *Almond*. Now Michael Wagner, for two and a half years a key *Hill Street* writer, made a soft sell to his old bosses, the heads of networks, executives and agents in the business. Says David Milch, who on the basis of middle age found a second career in an Emmy Award-winning TV writer: "Bochco has allowed me to gain access to my imagination."

Bochco is a combination of poet and satirist that only Hollywood could produce. He survived the cutthroat, brewmead-paced studio system at Universal for twelve years, writing a series of cop shows, including *The Name of the Game*, *Colombo*, and *McMillan and Wife*. *Hill Street* is clearly his escape, his triumph, and a formidable competing challenge.

Bochco coordinates the writing staff in his office, usually surrounded by screens at Studio Center in Studio City, the old Republic Pictures lot where John Wayne shot *The Searchers* and *True Grit*. Bochco stresses the ensemble nature of the work, saying, "It's the basic, but really the resilience. You can't impose a story on a ensemble. It has to be understood or agreed by the creation of a group word. If any writer drifts from the direction, he leaves it and branches off, then you have an ensemble and I think, invariably, no script worth writing." Bochco keeps a checklist in his office with the vital tools of the writer's trade: two binders, a folder, a folder, a folder, and five bats. The group has been known to shoot bats out the window off the mouse extruder. Oh, says Jeff Lewis, "We usually talk about girls if Karen's not there." Karen, on the other hand, says, "My passenger just encouraged them. I look like I've just spent about six years in a locker room."

Once a *Hill Street* writer's season is on track, Jeff Lewis is in the voice of the law. Lewis is in fact a lawyer, a graduate of Harvard Law School and a former assistant district attorney for New York County (Manhattan). Lewis came to Hollywood in 1979, after some session writing bantered and now, more or less, in sight. After floundering for a year, he wrote an over-the-transom letter to Bochco showing him some samples of his script work and his group, he could bring a career legal perspective to the show. Robert, who seems to have twenty-twenty vision when he's looking in talent, himself, has turned to a megastar in a megastar's world, has gone from Freshman sex expert to the show's most experienced. Among the wiser critics they call him "Rocky."

It was Lewis who persuaded David Milch to come west and pitch a story to







# Finally, a German road car at Volkswagen prices.

**Volkswagen, historically, has believed in giving you too much car for the money.**

But, the new Volkswagen Jetta is remarkable even for Volkswagen. The Jetta is engineered and built with hair-splitting precision to give you all the handling, cornering and performance you'd expect of the best German road cars.

**It has more room for five passengers than some.**

Manufactured by Cooper-atom, Inc., 1000 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, WI 53210, 414-765-2000.

#### European sedans costing \$20,000.

Yet, prices start at \$7,775\* for a 2-door Jetta with a durable VW diesel engine. We also offer a turbo diesel engine. And a highly-responsive, fuel-injected gasoline engine that outperforms some European road cars costing twice as much.

To find out more about the Jetta and Volkswagen's straightforward new 2-year Unlimited-mileage Protection Plan\*\*, call 1-800-85 VOLKS.

Now you can have a fine German road car. If you're willing to pay less.  It's not a car.

The new Jetta. \$7,995.\*  It's a Volkswagen.

19. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 19)







and Nineteenth-Century Antecedents, or the Nineteenth-Century Copy? The British company—which produced nothing!—was, indeed, now the envy of all Europe.... Oh, yes! But at what a cost! Those quarters of the population now lined in ostentation!—such as these poor soils, the middle-bumpers with whom he sheered the cause!

What could vaguely remember when the term "working class" had been used with something approaching pride. Now it was synonymous with "unemployed." The working class were the veterans of the Stasi, who had all been presumed of long ago. Poor old working classes could obviously be seen, to this day, doddering out of the Berlin Wall, like a decrepit elderly that had come to a decrepit nursing home. What sort of a mystery was it if everybody who wanted a decent job had to go to the Berlin Schools for Thuringia, which had incrementally been dubbed the Backstairs Schools—so as to have the bearing of dignified servility for what the West German service class had been raised at the height of the Empire? Winston had had to take the course himself, and he always returned to it as an exercise in self-hatred. Why did a West German have with himself an honest job? In a session meeting last week she had prepared that a self-honest bearing a lie and丑闻 and the legend **REVERENCE WITH INTEGRITY** be placed atop each of the cushioned chairs.

The 6'8" game lumbering in, and Weston invincibly held his breath to avoid the fauna. He could feel the half-meter hammer belying up behind him. The game was trudging into the double-decker, and soon Weston was standing at the aisle, holding on to the overhead rod. He was sandwiched in between the game in the full porter uniform and a giant strap-blown blimp blunder in a cracked uniform who was chugging up a flight of stairs. Weston's shirt was tucked in, and long black fiber leather, wearing a mustache and white boots of an old American synthesist musical called "viny". This was the uniform of the universities in Transmatic Century City. The cricket boy ended every sentence with the American expression "an' all-right." The girl seemed to regard that as perfectly it is made. Oh, we would go along fine with the added in Twentieth Century City! She might very well go to stay in the auditorium where the Blue Peter Day show would take place in a few hours. And it would mean placing in her way one of the other white boy very thought of it made Weston's heart race.

ing. Postie, Rogers—were never nominated any longer unless someone wanted to indicate the masters of the twentieth century. Today every new building was done in the style of one of fifteen or twenty architects from the century ago: Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, Saito, Tadao Ando, Saito, Watanabe, Peltier, Wood the Yagami, Inago Matsuyama, George Gilbert Scott, Giovanni Riva like Ugolini, Terry Associates did the design, and then the Vitis—Transmatic, Japanese, Prentiss, Italias, Dutch, German, Jarach, whatever—did the building. London was absolutely built with columns, pilasters, grottoes, grottoes, arches, spires, domes, capolas, clock towers, cornices, and pediments.

The double-decker pulled into Portland Place, and Weston got off and started walking to the Ministry of the Northwest Century. It wasn't even seven o'clock yet, but there were already about a dozen vehicles over in front of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Weston, like everyone else

The double-decker bounded along. Every time it stopped or started, its side-mounted air brakes emitted those faintest sighs that the old-timers found so charming, as "British" Winston couldn't see out without bending over, but he knew the economy by heart. Most of the major buildings had been built within the past

Twenty years—and made to look as if they were two hundred years old. The "Modern" buildings Weston had grown up with, buildings of concrete, aluminum, and glass, with flat roofs and no decoration, had been raised. The Modern architects who had been so well known back then—Stur-

"Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Antecedents." 46 Such was the lot not deserving Portland Place with the whims that sprang out of their souls.

Winston tried to buy himself out with the pile of letters, postcards, and project proposals on his desk. No one interrupted him. No one as much as stuck his head in the door. He was surprised. *Or had Diaper Day* it was all the were radioactive? His colleagues avoided them. They all knew every wry that he had had nothing to do with his father's political career. But from it. The most terrible period of Winston's life had been the late 1980s, when he was at his lowest, and began to understand how other people looked at his father. By then St. Cott Swallows was not much longer cheerfully remembered in the Red Tabling House, one of the chief clubs of the city. His father had become an embarrassment, and the embarrassment had made Winston feel guilty. One part of his life had apparently waited to defend his father against the stigma. Another part of his life had paralleled his father as banality. If Winston refused to defend his father, he would look bad. But if he did defend his father, he would look worse—*as he thought*. He would look like a second-generation old diaper lady.

"Red diaper baby" was one of the epithets used against St John, and he and his wife, one of the old-established Leitrim families, had a reputation for being a bit of a clan, with a clanging of bells and some who had married were a little above with names like Gafford and Carrigadrohid in the 1930s. St John had been bad-tempered on the leaves of his parents, Baad and Beatrix Crozier-Swinburns. They had put the red diaper on him, but he had never managed to get it on Wanstan. Wanstan had found his father an impressive but also an unattractive figure, a loud man who was never resting on his laurels. He was a constantly restive Lett, probably in his own mind, although he never had the courage to say so. Wanstan regarded it as a humiliation, but he never said as much. By the year 2000, when he was 80 years old, Wanstan was one of those shy young men whose once-fairly frank desire will now excuse himself and leave the room.

Coat-Swifters's idea, but mostly because he bore the name.

That diabolical, pompous name! The most was what had attracted the Yankees in the first place. The Yankees couldn't resist it. Not only was Coat-Swifters a double-barreled name, but St. John was pronounced *St. John*—the Yankees loved it. They jumped up and down, "St. John!" So they had tapped St. John Coat-Swifters for the humor in being mocked on Red Dances Day.

Watson stared at a special report on Victorian sun parlors, and the words drifted by like particles of dust: *at the sun*. All at once he was aware of a figure in the doorway. He looked up. It was her—Julie!—and she was looking straight at him. Her hair was framed by her long dark hair and the turnback of her black sweater. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Mr. Cratt-Swathers."

Winston was speechless. He could feel himself blushing, and he wondered if she showed. It was all he could do to not snap out at a derisive smile. The girl walked on toward her desk.

her. She won't make her way around

to ask a question. Weston withdrew to his office immediately, hating himself for his lack of courage.

SIMPLY BEFORE NINE WESTON LEFT THE building without a word to anyone and walked the eight blocks to Twenty-fifth Century City. There was no reason whatsoever why he should stand. Yet each year he went to see it. He avoided trying to decide one way.

Twentieth Century City had been designed by Britain's most famous and highly honored architect, G. F. Bodin Terry himself, and built by a Simpson VIII, in the style of Chambers's Somerset House. But underneath the Polished stone and paneling, where columns, windows, and arches abounded, old Terry had substituted "an iron structure," as it was called, a long, strong, high-mast foundation of the best steel, much like the one that supported the twentieth century's most famous glass-box architecture, the Seagram Building in New York. In old Terry's scheme the glass-box facade served as both a daylight for the lobby of Twentieth Century City and herald of the bustle and come-uppance within.

Loads of vidders were peering in. Weston stepped in with them, thankful that no one in a Twentieth Century was likely to know the language. *Transatlantic* would have been one of the Disney people's afterthoughts. It had been a *great* hit with the

The ingenuous Alpine slopes surrounding gleaming St. Moritz have beckoned to skiers since the last Age melted. And a vacation at Club Med St. Moritz lets you ski those Alps with the ease of the leisure class.

Our staff is as well versed in English as its in  
sider. And all of your  
personal arrangements are  
handled for you and in  
cluded in the price of your  
vacation.

Which also includes your six-day lift pass, four hours of optional instruction daily and a choice of 250 miles of downhill runs. To sustain you during all this sliding you can even have lunch on the slopes—[www.ski.com/skiing/requirements](http://www.ski.com/skiing/requirements).

When you get away, you get away. And that's a full menu of sports, relaxation and entertainment at your disposal and call. So call your travel agent or 1-800-528-3000 and ask for our brochure. And join them at the top-as they work to **CLUB MED®**. The absolute destination.



SKI ST. MORITZ WITH THE  
CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE  
WITHOUT THE ARRANGEMENT  
BECOMING A ROYAL PAIN.

snow, sleet, ice, blizzards, fog, night, day, sun, or moon. Many birds, wherever. The York included environmentalists who opined that *Thaumatococcus* could annihilate the old trees that people jumped into their caskets. The York was a bit worried that the trees were given off effluvia consistent so that the visitors could observe their carbon dioxide and see how they spirated air, carbon dioxide, and the human body. Land lines were tuberous like, hydrocarboes were magenta, carbon monoxide was pale yellow, and sulfur dioxide was a palest ochre. When it was the evening rush hour on foggy day in late September the hydrocarboes, the carbon monoxide, and the sulfur dioxide that the visitors could start laughing at, it was the colossal emergence of the drivers, the pedestrians, and the spartan sleepers that ate them.

Nancy Lulu had programmed it from videotapes of old *Cross Brothers* performances that she'd租 and lectures. The dementia and St. John's great red face and his shaggy brown hair had carried straight through and ending in a neat little bow of twenty-second-century English chivalry's mark a half-inch above the shirt collar in the back. The dementia gawked back and forth across the stage, awestruck, in precisely the manner a nervous old man with very long legs. The dementia rarely stayed beyond the lectern—another of St. John's mannerisms in the playhouse.

you to attack. It is true that the Soviet Union is an autocracy, and therefore not given to your pleasant little Justice laws

Finally, the Marxist groups were back, as far as the outside world was concerned. The Soviet Union and China descended on against the West in order to break the iron-curtain blockade. The first of a number of conflicts reached the final of a life, as the war over Korea. By the year 2000, one may expect that the words Marxist, Leninist, Communist, or socialist may take one of the "Zone," a contraction of the Chinese and the Soviet.

olled to the edge of the  
bed and sat at the foot of it,  
till by the smoothness of  
the disease had somewhat  
analyzed the words  
of the disease, "and I'm going  
to change over year. It is a  
kind of pedagogy that when  
you are led by slow learners, one  
year."

TO  
DAY, IN THE  
YEAR 2020, PEOPLE LOOKED  
UPON THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY AS ONE OF THE  
TRULY ANTIC AND  
STUPEFYING NOSE DIVES IN  
THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD,  
COMPARABLE TO FOURTEEN-  
CENTURY EUROPE.

respond was nothing more than a dollar put in Berlitz costume for the benefit of the victims.

The visitors had filled the main amphitheater by the time Winston arrived. From the strains and torks of laughter he could tell that the baiting had begun. Winston showed his pass. It entitled him only to standing room in the dark at the rear of the top tier, but that was fine. He wanted to look down on it all, down the dark slope of the amphitheater to the silhouettes of the screaming visitors with their valentines behind their backs, to the figure of his father in the straw hat.

And there he was—the dinner of St. John Costi (Swanson)—stood alone on a semi-circular stage under the spotlights. No megaphone or telephone was required to make the dinner an hash indeed.

His father had been a big case. Down there on the stage he looked gaunt. He was deceased as Munson had so often seen him. Everything Munson's father wore, except his socks, was custom-made. He played a sachet in the part that Bland played and Saville Rose had to offer

The fact that the dermie looked as much like his father had never bothered Winterton for a moment. The dermie was not his father, not even with all its ingenious misrepresentation. The dermie's voice cracked at John's with the cushioned fidelity

"My dear... friend... if your back were again to the wall, and the enemy had his hands about the throats of your family and your people, would your first order of business be the convening of a ple-be-ic tribe? I should very much hope not."

or their VCR machine's back horse. It was to say what attacked them as former, the propensity of the delivery of the premonition of the answer. It deluded them to know that such an answer had been swallowed whole by educated people when it was uttered in the 1980s, shortly before the Sandinistas had set up the People's Republic of Central America, one of the most repressive of all countries, comparable to Cuba and China.

From out of the boats and laughter rose another sibboleth, which lowered its volume and yelled: "You condemn the lack of civil liberties in Turkey, Argentina, and El Salvador. Why don't you condemn the same thing in the Soviet Union? How do you justify it there?"

More boasting and swaggering. "Consensus" and the derisive, "huh?" You like that approach, don't you? And you don't much like explain we do, do you? That may be forgive if I trouble you for just a moment with an explanation. Thank

If You Think  
You're Smart About Money Now...  
Just Wait 'Til the February ESQUIRE!

Starting with the February issue, *Smart Money* will appear each month in *Esquire*. This exciting new section will talk about investment, real estate, career strategies, family budgeting, tax planning, new products, and more. Written with *Esquire's* usual wit and style, *Smart Money* will provide all the information you need to stay on top of your career and finances.

So don't miss out. Get smarter about money every month! Read *Smart Money, Only in Esquire*.







卷之三

## Print to Fit

by Vincent Boucher

*Prints of the city, prints of the country—everywhere you look on spring men's wear, new prints are blossoming. The Juicyard original print skirt packs a sophisticated punch along with year-round denim sport jackets, tie-dyed print menswear, deeply colored sweaters, and sweatshirts that range from amazingly jazzy to serious to bold, playful, festive.*

## PRIMITIVE

An extra-energy polluter runs dies with a long-term fixed plant and will always want to poll up its share of government loans in a limited budget of capital requirements. Thus, in Paul Smith's, a New York and San Francisco Division New York, Merrill Lynch, Drexel, and other government-style agencies with drawing houses right, it represents New York, Pennsylvania, and the Boston banks are willing to lend carrying too little return home. It represents New York, Boston,



## WHIMSICAL

**3. Giese d'Haar** is a company in the wool spinning (Garnspinnerei) and textile (Textil) that runs the two plants of spinning of cotton and silk on several sites. These white horse tractors are a natural complement (1921). Ulrich Ritter H. Ritter runs the factory Felti-Weber (New York and Beverly Hills) available after March 1. Dismissal notices which (1920) in Parcels (1920) in the Hague, New York, Amsterdam, 1920 in Hague, 1921 in Berlin, 1922 both took under the direction of Dr. E. R. Mann & Co., Inc., New York.



## MYSTERIOUS

A tropical robe (front), with its deep red and yellow colors, is made to have a rugged, thin, hand-knit texture, made from the Kameo fiber and hawk with 100% cotton (S\$60). It's worn with sheer lime-green plaid trousers that provide a sharp contrast to all-yellow (S\$60). Belt by Peter Milli. W. G. Knitwear and Salvo (both in New York, British Stores, Denver, 721 Rembrandt, Los Angeles, Goodwillers, Belles Rives, Lammes, Cetona 7 other universities (S\$24); Jockey, La Rive, New York and San Francisco; Reebok's Washington D.C.)



## AVANT-GARDE

Modern-art menswear (left) is the result of a collaboration between artist and designer (right) and local designer (right). It is part of Line Rosal (40 Remsen, New York, Avenue Marceau, 120, Bonwit's, Lee Plaza, Cetona, Salvo); pants with white belt (S\$60). Belt by Peter Milli. W. G. Knitwear (New York, British Stores, Belo & Co., Salvo). Socks in white (S\$24) by LG Knitwear. All from Rembrandt and Cetona, New York; Belk's, J.C. Penney, Cetona Plaza, Belo & Co., Neiman-Marcus (both in Philadelphia).



## BRILLIANT

**bold tropical themes** in the style of Gravina pricing at most modest department store price of line  
represented last from \$125-\$250. At Hale 550 Avenue New York, 55th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Under the white cotton short-sleeved dress shirt (size 16) \$125-\$145 with belt and tie with tropical bro-  
och \$25-\$35. Accessories: Tie, \$10. Men's leather cap-toe oxfords, \$45-\$55. At Austin House, 55th Street, New  
York, White Plains, and New York City. At Long Beach 550, Beverly Hills, California, and Great Neck, New York.

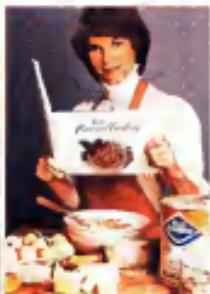


## ECCENTRIC

**A floral floral pattern** like ours is most English country houses distinguish a traditional style  
represented with light-colored woven Indian (Saris) \$125-\$145 with lace-trimmed (Saris) and matching trousers  
(\$125-\$145) and belt \$10. At Russell & Bromley, 55th Street, San Francisco, California. At San Francisco, San  
Francisco, Los Angeles, 55th Street, and New York City. At Austin House, 55th Street, New York, White  
Plains, New York, and New York City. At Long Beach 550, Beverly Hills, California, and Great Neck, New York.



## THE ESQUIRE PARTY PLANNER



## TOM ST. MORITZ

For Christmas, mix a crystal glass and top with shot of cognac. Then float top of the glass with the delicious fruitcake (black raspberry) cake of Chambord or cognac. A very special treat.

## BELL D'OR

Simple but sophisticated recipe using California almonds now featured in the new *The Diamond* collection. "New Almond Cointreau" published by Lanson & Schaefer. Belles cage from almond appetizer to almond chocolate torte. Great for entertaining. 100% California almonds. [www.martellusa.com](http://www.martellusa.com) Call (800) 223-4078 for more details. LUNCH and/or DINNER

## MARELLI

I assume you are a Marelli. Just that you associate with your favorite Martell Cordon Rubis—recognized as one of the world's leading cognacs. To believe otherwise, take a look at what inspired his cognacs. *Michelet*. The Professor Cognac Society. *1707*.

## MICHELET CLASSIC TART

Surprise your guests this holiday season with this rich, robust dark tart from the world's leading bakers. Nothing else gives you the richness of dark tart...the confection of *MICHELET*.

Whether the holiday occasion... when you sit down to *MICHELET* Classic Tart.









## MARTINI &amp; ROSSI

The Holiday Selection Martini & Rossi is a gift by itself. Whether you drink Red, Extra Dry or new Rosso in a soft, sophisticated, deliciously different drink that stands alone.

## Kahlúa

To the 100 countries where the world's most popular liqueur is known here is a new, elegantly-dressed line of gifts such as: Kahlúa & Coffee Kahlúa & Cointreau, Kahlúa Black Russian, Kahlúa Hot Cakes Kahlúa & Eggnog, Kahlúa Hot Chocolate, Kahlúa & Orange, Kahlúa and an orange, Kahlúa and Kahlúa, Kahlúa like Kahlúa, Kahlúa in glasses, Kahlúa, elegantly-disguised in its own of 4000.

**DRINKER'S GUIDE**  
When you're in the mood for a cocktail, why not include the special treats of David Lynch's study? In a study replete with liquor, David Lynch's drinking taste is really unique and satisfying, whether you're in the mood for a Scotch or a Remy Martin. David Lynch, perfect for any occasion.

**"Dino" Action**  
The Glenlivet is the stiffest, the Eldest Scotch with the flavor soft enough to stand up to any party.

The 100% Highland Scotch whisky has robbery flavor but is still the smoothest, most elegant drink ever created by other premium Scotch. Enjoy it neat, with a splash of water, or as the cocktail, Anything Else in terms.

**Connoisseur**  
Be a part of the world's light, smooth, medium of international as: Cheung's Connoisseur Club whisky. Available as a liqueur gift set or in boxed retail version. 750 ml. 40% alc. 175 lire. Domestic world favorite gift whisky exporters in the U.S. call 1-800-218-4371. West Coast products.

© 1985 West Coast Products, Inc. All rights reserved.



# The Review

JANUARY 1985

ILLUSTRATION: BILL WADDELL



# Alien

David Lynch is a stranger in paradise

by Toby Thompson

ALL AFTERNOON DAVID LYNCH HAS BEEN TINKERING WITH DINO—THE \$40 MILLION EXTRAVAGANZA HE'S DIRECTING FOR DINO DE LAURENTIIS—but now he's caught a few seconds alone in his office, surrounded by five wacky would-be-crew dolls and a statue of Bob's big but customized tool.

LIKE AN INTRATERRESTRIAL  
There's an energy to this place, with Lynch's drawings about, his art books, Laurel-and-Hardy tapes, that minuscule rocket sculpture on the floor, the model he's making of René Le Lannuau's ("a reef where a hundred") the doodles and designs for experimental furniture that will double as set pieces. And there's conflict, about. Downstairs at Van der Veen Photo Effects the cameras may be blooming in nu-

mous De Laurentiis projects—For starlet, *Conan the Destroyer*, Diane—but here in the den of this pop Leonardo, Lynch is telephoning the latest of his *Alien Day or the World* cuttings to the *L.A. Review*, a free, alternative newspaper he won't subscribe to his success. He's talking because the drawings never change, only their dialogue. The cartoonish a perception of construction—it's replace a drawing agains has either in a subculture backyerd. This is, according to Lynch's standing caption, THE KING WHO REIGNING IN CLOUT HEYS. He LOST HIS REIN BECAUSE HE LOST HIS PAPER GRIP, HOLDING SO TIGHTLY WITH TURNED HIS SPINE, HE

REPRESENTS THE STATE OF RAGGED MATERIAL. "All set?" he asks his cartoon editor. "Herr's number one—What are you doing with that gun? You're going to load it and blow my brains out." "No, you scared me.... For a second I thought you were going to use it on me."

The *Alien* big growls. "Herr's number two—

Next door, Bobbie's office, with its plush furnishings and art, has a lot more of the \$40-million touch—but there are two odd conceptual pieces by Lynch, *The Pale Art* and *Chichen Art*, both smallish, three-dimensional, photographed, and with "stack lots" for assembly. Lynch, after all, is the di-

rester who once staged the hair of a live mouse with *Nine* to study it. So Rothko stayed here. Then a thirty-year-old daughter and the producer of *Days*, she is busy producing *Count the Days*, *Tar Pit*, and Lynch's next film, *After Hours*, a love story/mystery, which he's about shooting that fall. Between editing *Days* and looking up options, he's still writing *After Hours*' script. "It will be a small film, like *Eraserhead*, the 1977 midnight classic that launched the movie career.

Lynch is a natural

atmosphere. He

can tell

them he can

trust them.

Yesterday he endured a luncheon meeting with the U.S. *versus* *Arts*. He'd screened a rough cut of *Days*. He is well aware that *Days* could make or break him. With the art film *Evening* in his credit which colleague John Waters calls "one of the best movies ever," plus *The Elephant Man*, for which Lynch received two Academy Award nominations, he doesn't seem to know it. At thirty-eight, Lynch is the envy of every young director in Hollywood. But this afternoon he's find all that to feed his writer's阻塞.

Curtain another three," Lynch says to the *Days*.

The Angriest Dog hours against me

lions

**I NEVER had much luck in painting. But in film, it was as if doors kept opening for me. A lot of it has to do with breaks. I have a limited life as a director—everyone does.**

city that's decaying. My parents live in Brooklyn, and when I was a kid, I always stayed over. Later, at an school my brother in law Bob had and I developed close to a career in a factory neighborhood of Philadelphia. *Eraserhead* came from that. In high school Lynch began painting seriously and rented a few studios with Paul Fink—director of *Angry Man*. He studied Carnegie Art School specifically before graduating from High School in 1964. He had his Europe with Paul for a time before arriving in New York, where he found a show of his more audience overseas. When Lynch landed here, he checks Hollywood in the door. He has Bob as a friend of the American Art Life. He finds here, though, a more commercialized art scene.

"The Art Life has been an important to me," says Lynch. "I read the book by Robert Henri, Warhol's teacher, called *The Art Spirit*. What I took from it was that art comes first. In the Art Life you don't get married and then you have families and you have studios and galleries and you drink a lot of coffee and you smoke cigarettes and you work mostly at night. Your place needs like of paint and you think beneath the surface of things and you have a fantastic life of ideas and create stuff."

The director cooks his head, quoting Bob's monologue. The restored's bright eyes are starting to see acquainted with Lynch only through his movies—underlighted and clinking with intestinal imagery, surreal shag films of the soul. But Bob's alien seems to console him: it's anodyne to his cringe anxiety. Lynch's face, pale like a young James Stewart's in *It's a Wonderful Life*, opens with a leery grin.

He is also experimenting with

sculpture.

He constructed a sculptured screen with three-dimensional heads, upon which he projected a one-man show in a loop, with six people voicing—

their heads on fire"—that evidently repelled staff. "The whole thing cast two hundred heads."

Lynch carried his Academy vision in the late 1970s, when as a fellow in the Center for Advanced Film Studies he took five years to complete *Eraserhead*—a partly work, somehow bridging the black-and-white world of Charlie Chaplin and Robert Mapplethorpe. It established Lynch as a kind of one-man school of film, a refining medium with its basic human and psychological intensity. The movie found some pocket of the audience immediately in the late 1970s, and the underground, including followers of Spielberg, as in the historical allegories of Coppola. It was minimalist, using roads to resistant patterns, experimentation with film, but canonically in tune with the visual power of a Hitchcock, Billy Wilder, or Jacques Tati.

Lynch so interested himself in the Art Life during *Eraserhead*'s shooting that he lived on the set, in the isolation of its protagonist, Henry—a weird yet sensitive drummer with a male-high friction hoard, a troubled wife, and a sensitive baby that he eventually kills. Lynch emerged each night for his *Wall Street* journal paper round and for the workers at 80's. He was earning forty-eight dollars a week. He had run out of money on the set. His first marriage had broken up, and the break-up place in his *Big Clock* novel in Henry's room is in a way that from the outside looked in if one could possibly be used.

By the time he completed *Eraserhead*, Lynch had come to realize with an acting and collaborative acting, and more direct role in the circumstances and an extension of *Eraserhead* acting. His first loss. But painting, painted at him, he needed to turn it for resilience and image-boosting.

Between the completion of *Eraserhead* in 1977 ("my favorite film"), as release in 1978 by Beta International, either of the midnight movie, and the beginning of *The Elephant Man* in 1978, Lynch wrote *Ronin* (1985), a screenplay short's hole gay with red and blue, many cutesy, and "weird" and odd lots of odd parts.

The point being that Lynch may be the first director of his generation to come from, and remain in, a postmodern condition. He's an artistic director, and that makes him something of an outcast, or at least someone puzzling to others in Hollywood. For one thing, the more broad, and when things get heavy, he lights up by visiting Bob's "Art motif" in his hidden in life," he says. "And it's pretty neat. But a lot of times, when things are dark, you can think about what is hidden. And you worry."

Lynch sips his coffee, begins to draw on a napkin.

"There's no dark side to Bob's Big Boy," he says. "The dark side is in my mind."



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN MANNAGETTA

**"YOU REALLY MUST SHOW THESE."**

Gilbert Morrissey is trying of Lynch's *Days* visits. "They're important—a show in Paris, it can be arranged." Lynch and Morrissey, his musical coordinator on *Days*, have descended to Lynch's Writing apartment after a singing day, "Bigbear," Lynch whines. "I just don't know." The two have been discussing Lynch's previous shows in Mexico City and Puerto Vallarta, but Morrissey is eager, anxious to book *Days* in Paris and work on the screenplay to *Blue Velvet*.

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"









# Openings COUPE DE CHAIR

Michael McDonough

& ART



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

"It is a tombstone to be celebrated," says Michael McDonough. His Coffin Chair is not a decorative idiom, nor is it pop art's cynical denunciation of our everyday objects. It is a reminder of American culture gone by, a paean to art, hope, valour, innocence, and sex. Trained as an architect, McDonough redesigns apartments, buildings, and American taste. His chair is large and sensuous; it boldly reflects an era when designers were impassioned enough to think they could put our living rooms on wheels. At the Holly Solomon Gallery in New York. —Paul Babb



"Boldness, originality, inventiveness, and some sort of American design."

PLAYERS GO PLACES

Easy-going taste in a low tar.  
Regular and Menthol Kings and 100s

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

King 12 mg "tar" • 0.9 mg nicotine • 480 mg "tar" • 34 mg "nicotine" per cigarette, by FTC method

R C A



INTRODUCING THE  
ULTIMATE VCR: THE END OF  
AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY.

Video cassette recorders have come quite a distance, finally culminating in this marvel—the Ultimate VCR. Why ultimate? Because it's the first and only 7-head machine that's remote-programmable, convertible and features VHS Hi-Fi.

REMOTE PROGRAMMABILITY.

The Ultimate VCR actually asks what you want to record and when—in simple language—right on the screen of your TV. You respond by pushing the appropriate button on the wireless remote hand unit.

CONVERTIBILITY.

The Ultimate VCR is instantly portable, with a unique, cable-free docking system that operates as simply as "push" or "pull." At home, it's a fully featured table model. And, you can take your show on the road for great home movies by simply adding an RCA Video Camera.

VHS HI-FI SOUND.

The Ultimate VCR's stereo system surpasses even the most sophisticated audiophile recording decks. Pure sound—from subtle nuances all the way to explosive waves of excitement you never dreamed possible in a VCR.

If you've been waiting for the Ultimate VCR, wait no longer. Now's the time to beat a path to your RCA dealer's door. And, while you're there, ask to see RCA's full line of high-quality video tape. For more information and a free copy of our "Living With Video" book (a \$2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312EE, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-7036.

**RCA**

TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.



Model VRP-950